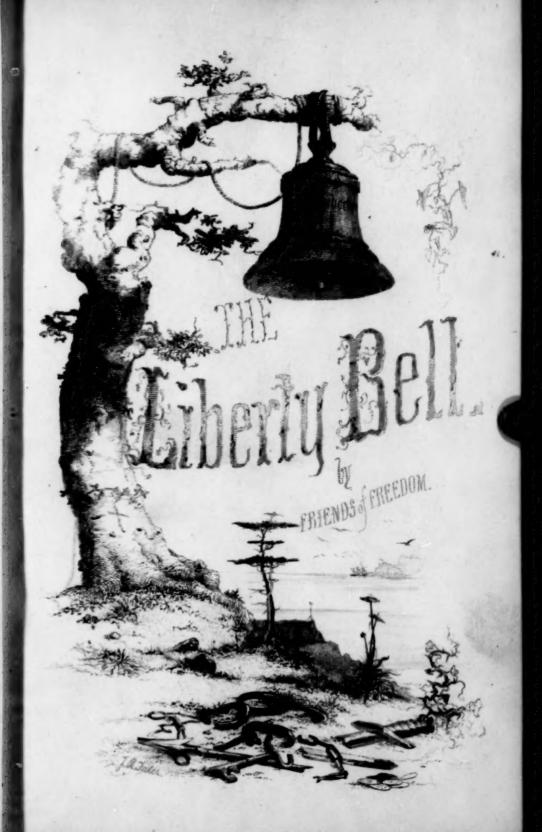
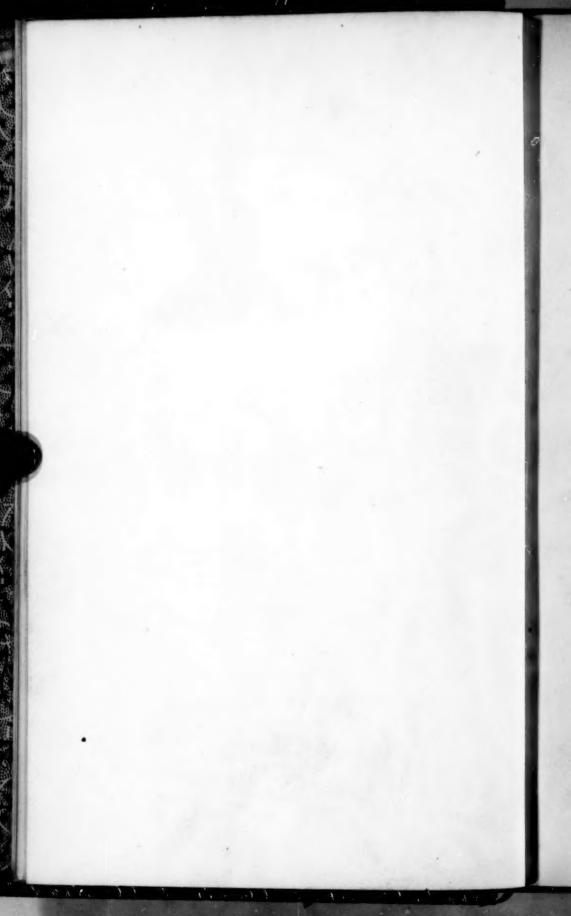
The Liberty Bell.







## Liberty Bell.

BY

## FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

"It is said that the evil spirytes that ben in the regyon, doubte moche when they here the Bells rongen: and this is the cause why the Bells ben rongen, whan grete tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the end that the fiends and wycked spirytes should be abashed and flee.—The Golden Legend, by Wynkyn de Worde.

BOSTON:

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

MDCCCXLVIII.

BOSTON: ANDREWS AND PRENTISS.

11 DEVONSHIRE STREET.

Coll. A LIZ 1848

## Contents.

	Page
The Insurrection and its Hero, A SOUTHRON,	1
The Runaway Slave, - ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING,	29
Harshness of Abolitionists, ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	45
To Earth, J. BAYARD TAYLOR,	51
Enthusiasm, SAMUEL BROOKE,	54
Placido, the Cuban Poet, BENJAMIN B. WIFFEN,	60
The American Revolution, SAMUEL J. MAY,	66
Response across the Atlantic, HENRY TREND,	68
Incidents of Travel, HARRIET MARTINEAU,	80
Lines for the Anti-Slavery Baznar, ANONYMOUS,	89
L' Esclavage, LINSTANT,	92
The Fugitives' Hymn, - T. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON,	94
Clerical Influence, CHARLES E. WHIPPLE,	97
Hail! the Dawn! w. LINDSAY ALEXANDER,	109
Come and do it better, THEODORE PARKER,	110
A Christmas Hymn, THEODORE PARKER,	118
Bibles for the Slaves, FREDERICK DOUGLASS,	121
The Spirit's Birth-song, ALMIRA SEYMOUR,	128
Old Sambo, ELIZA LEE,	130
Sonnet, JANE E. HORNBLOWER,	139
The Slave of Mammon, susan c. cabor,	141

## CONTENTS.

	Page
The Field, DANIEL RICKETSON,	146
Reminiscences, HENRY C. WRIGHT,	148
Idiot Era, A BACKWOODS GIRL,	159
Progress of Free Principles in Congress, - J. R. GIDDINGS,	170
An Extract, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,	180
Annie Gray, CAROLINE W. HEALEY Delay	184
Song, MARIA LOWILL,	208
Incidents in the Life of an Anti-Slavery Agent, P. PILLSBURY,	211
The Lord's Prayer, BENJAMIN 8. JONES,	224
The American Slave-Trade, - WILLIAM WELLS BROWN,	231
Offerings of English Women, MARY CARPENTER,	238
Seth Sprague, EDMUND QUINCY,	243
Pray! SUSAN F. DAWSON,	258
"Have any of the Rulers believed?" - SAMUEL MAY, JR.	261
Abolitionism in America, ALEXANDER HOLINSEI,	266
Retrospection and Repentance, - ANNE WARREN WESTON,	276
Hard Language, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON,	281
What I am is not	080



The Insurrection and its Gero.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

BY A SOUTHRON.

If, reader, you have never lived in a Slaveland, you can know nothing, comparatively, of the terror which an insurrection creates.

All other perils are understood. Fire upon land, or storm at sea, wrapping mortals in

a wild or watery shroud, may be readily imagined. Pestilence, walking abroad in the city, making the sultry air noisome and heavy, hushing the busy throng, awing into silence heated avarice, and glooming the very haunts of civilization as if they were charnel-houses, can be quickly understood. But the appalling terror of a Slave revolt, made instinct with life, and stunning as it pervades the community, - the undescribed and indescribable horror which fills and sways every bosom as the word is whispered along the streets, or borne quickly from house to house, or speeded by fleetest couriers from plantation to plantation — "an insurrection" — "an insurrection" - must be felt and seen to be realized.

Nor is this strange. The blackest ills are associated with it. Hate, deep and undying, to be gratified—revenge, as bitter and fiendish as the heart can feel, to be gloated over

while indulged—lust, unbridled and fierce, to be glutted—death, we know not how or where, but death in its basest and most agonizing form; or life, dishonored and more horrible than most excruciating death—these are the essence of an insurrection. Could worse forms of evil be conjured up? Can any human actions,—the very darkest that walk at midnight—excite equal terror? We pity Slaveholders who are startled by the dread of it, and wonder at their want of manhood in exposing the gentler sex to this human whirlwind of fury and revenge and lust and death.

But to our story.—I remember, when a boy, going out one bright day on a hunting excursion, and, on returning in the evening, meeting at the bridge, a mile or more from the town I lived in, a body of armed men. The road turns suddenly, as you approach the spot from the south, and is skirted, on either side, by deep swamps. I did not see them,

consequently, until I came directly upon them.

"Where have you been?" was the abrupt question put to me by the captain, without offering the usual salutation.

"I have been hunting," I replied, "along the banks of the river, and up by the old Hermitage,"

"Did you see or meet any one?" continued my questioner, no man else saying a word.

" No one."

"Go home, instantly," he said imperatively, "and keep up the main road. Don't cross over by the swamp, or the old ford"—two nearer footpaths to the town, skirting heavily timbered land.

I cannot recollect now whether I had heard before of an insurrection. I had not, certainly thought much about it, if at all. But I knew, instantly, why these armed citizens were at the bridge. The low, compressed, yet clear voice of the captain, the silence of his men, their audible breathing as they waited for my replies to his questions, their military order, with sentries in advance,—told me all, and I experienced a dread which chilled me through; and the deepening shade of the forest, under which I had so often whistled merrily, served now to add to the gloom of the hour. I asked no questions. With quickened pace I pushed up the main road, and was not long in reaching my father's house. I wished to know the worst, and to help in meeting it.

I found all alarm at home. Guns were stacked in the passage, and men were there ready to use them. Two friends were in the parlor, informing the household of the place of rendezvous for the women and children, and the signal which was to be given, if the town should be "fired," or an attack be made upon

it, by the Negroes. I inquired, and learned here, the cause and extent of the danger.

That morning, a Negro had informed his master of the plot, and had represented to him that it reached plantations an hundred miles off, and embraced the thickest Negro settlements in the State.

The first step taken was, to arrest the leaders named (some thirty in number) by the informer. The second, to inform town and country of the impending danger. Armed patrols were started out in every direction. Every avenue to the town was guarded, and every house in it made a sort of military fort. The apprehension was, that the plantation Negroes would rise, and sweep all before them, with fire and sword; and the "white strength" was prepared, in all its force, to meet this contingency.

The master, if he be kind to his bondmen, is apt to believe that they will never turn against him. We hear planters say, "I would arm my Slaves," - whenever this subject is broached. This is a strong expression, and to be received with "grains of allowance," as the sequel will illustrate. Yet, boy-like, I felt as if no soul, in our yard, could strike a blow against one of the family, and, in this temper, I went to the servants' quarters. Not one of them was out - a strange event and not a neighbor's domestic was in -a still stranger circumstance! They were silent as the grave. Even "Momma," privileged to say and do what she pleased, and who would be heard amid the laughter and tongue-clatter of the rest, had nothing to tell me. I asked a few questions; they were simply answered. It was evident that the servants were frightened; they knew not what they feared; but they were spell-bound by an undefined dread of evil to them, and harm to us. Indeed, this was the case with the blacks, generally, and

while the excitement lasted, the patrol did not arrest one Slave away from his quarters! An honest Irishman remarked, at the time, "it was hard to tell which was most frightened, the Whites or the Negroes."

The proposed revolt, as regards territory, was an extended one. It embraced a region having over forty thousand male Slaves. But the plot was poorly arranged, and it was clear that those who planned it knew little or nothing of the power they had to meet and master. For six months the leaders of it had been brooding over their design, and two days before its consummation they were in prison, and virtually doomed as felons! Their seizure arrested the insurrection without bloodshed, - but not without a sacrifice of life! That was demanded by society and the law, and made. Thirteen of the Negroes arrested were declared guilty, and hung! They had, according to all notions then, a fair

trial; lawyers defended them, and did their best; an impartial and intelligent jury determined their fate; and by the voice of man, not of God, this number of human beings was "legally" sent out of existence!

The leader of the insurrection, — Isaac, — I knew well. He was head-man to a family intimate with mine. Implicit confidence was placed in him, not only by his master but by the minister of the church, and everybody who knew him. The boys called him "Uncle Isaac," and the severest patrol would take his word, and let him go his way.

He was some forty years old when he first planned the revolt. His physical development was fine. He was muscular and active, the very man a sculptor would select for a model. And yet, with all his great strength, he was kind, and affectionate, and simple as a woman! He was never tired of "doing" for others. In intellect, he was richly gift-

ed—no Negro in the place could compare with him for clear-headedness, and nobleness of will. He was born to make a figure, and, with equal advantages, would have been among the first in any throng. He had character, that concentration of religious, moral, and mental strength, which, when possessed by high or low, gives man power over his fellows, and imparts life to his acts and name.

His superiority was shown on the trial. It was necessary to prove that he was the leader, and counsel were about taking this step. "I am the man"—said Isaac. There was no hesitation in his manner; no tremulousness in his voice; the words sounded naturally, but so clear and distinct that the court and audience knew it was so, and that it could not have been otherwise.

An effort was made to persuade him to have counsel. His young masters pressed the point. The court urged him. Slaveholders were anxious for it, not only because
they could not help liking his bearing, but
because they wished to still every voice of
censure, far or near, by having a fair trial for
all. But he was resolute. He made no set
speeches; played no part. Clear above all,
and with the authoritative tone of truth, he
repeated—"I am the man, and I am not
afraid or ashamed to confess it."

Sentence of death was passed upon him and twelve others!

The next step, before the last, was, to ascertain all the Negroes who had entered into the plot. Isaac had managed this part wisely. He kept his own counsel, and, besides his brother, as was supposed, no one knew who had agreed to help him at home, or from a distance. The testimony was abundant, that he had the promise of such help. His declaration to the colored informer,

-"the bonfire of the town will raise forty thousand armed men for us," — was given in evidence. He admitted the fact. But no ingenuity, no promises, no threats, could induce or force him to reveal a single name. "You have me," he said; "not one other shall you get if I can prevent it. The only pain I feel is, that my life alone is not to be taken. If these," pointing to his fellow captives, "were safe, I should die triumphantly."

The anxiety on this point, naturally, was very deep, and when the usual expedients had failed, the following scheme was hit upon. Isaac loved his minister, as everybody did who worshipped at his altar, and the minister reciprocated heartily that love. "Isaac will not resist him—he will get out of Isaac all we want to know"—this was the general belief, and, acting upon it, a committee visited the pastor. An explanation took place and

the good man readily consented to do all he could.

He went to the cell. The Slave-felon and the man of God confronted each other!

"I come, Isaac," said the latter, "to find out from you everything about this wicked insurrection, and you,"-" Master," hastily interrupted Isaac, "you come for no such purpose. You may have been over-persuaded to do so, or unthinkingly have given your consent. But will you, who first taught me religion, who made me know that my Jesus suffered and died in truth - will you tell me to betray confidence sacredly entrusted to me, and thus sacrifice others' lives because my life is to be forfeited? Can you persuade me, as a sufferer and a struggler for freedom, to turn traitor to the very men who were to help me? Oh master! let me love you;" and rising, as if uncertain of the influence of his appeal, to his full stature, and looking his minister directly in the face, he added, with commanding majesty — "you know me."

I wish the very language of Isaac, the Slave, could be used. I wish that I could repeat the tale as I heard the old minister tell it. So minute, yet so natural, so particular in detail, yet so life-like! The jail, its inner cell, the look and bearing of Isaac, his calmness, his greatness of soul! It was touching in the extreme. I have known sternest Slaveholders to weep, like children, as they would listen to the story. But I can only narrate it, as I remember it, in briefest outline. The old divine continued:

"I could not proceed. I looked at Isaac; my eye fell before his. I could not forget his rebuke; I acknowledged my sin. For the first time in my ministerial life I had done a mean, a base act, and, standing by the side of a chained felon, I felt myself to be the criminal."

A long silence ensued. The minister was in hopes that Isaac would break it; he did not. He made several efforts to do so, but failed. Recovering from his shock at length, and reverting, in his own mind, to the horrors which the revolt would have occasioned, he resumed the conversation thus:

"But, Isaac, yours was a wicked plot, and, if you had succeeded, you would have made the very streets run blood. How could you think of this? How consent to kill your old master and mistress? How dream of slaying me and mine?"

"Master," Isaac quickly responded, "I love old master and mistress. I love you and yours. I would die to bless you any time. Master, I would hurt no human being, no living thing. But you taught me, that God was the God of Black as well as White—that he was no respecter of persons—that in his eye all were alike equal,—and that there

was no religion unless we loved him and our neighbor, and did unto others as we would they should do unto us. Master, I was a Slave. My wife and children were Slaves. If equal with others before God, they should be equal among men. I saw my young masters learning, holding what they made, and making what they could. But, master, my race could make nothing, hold nothing. What they did they did for others, not for themselves. And they had to do it, whether they wished it or not, for they were Slaves. Master, this is not loving our neighbor, or doing to others as we would have them do to us. I knew there was and could be no help for me, for wife or children, for my race, except we were all free; and as the Whites would not let this be so, and as God told me he could only help those who helped themselves, I preached freedom to the Slaves, and bid them strike for it like men. Master, we were betrayed. But I tell you now, if we had succeeded, I should have slain old master and mistress and you first, to show my people that I could sacrifice my love, as I ordered them to sacrifice their hates, to have justice—justice for them—justice for mine—justice for all. I should have been miserable and wretched for life. I could not kill any human creature without being so. But, master, God here"—pointing with his chained hand to his heart—"told me then, as he tells me now, that I was right."

"I don't know how it was," continued the old minister, "but I was overpowered. Isaac mastered me. It was not that his reasoning was conclusive; that I could have answered easily; but my conduct had been so base, and his honesty was so transparent, his look so earnest and sincere, his voice so commanding, that I forgot everything in my sympathy for him. He was a hero, and bore himself like

one, without knowing it! I knew, by that instinct which ever accompanies goodness, that the Slave-felon's conscience was unstained by crime, even in thought; and, grasping him by the hand, without scarce knowing what I was going to do, I said, Isaac, let us pray. And I prayed long, prayed earnestly. I did not stop to think of my words. My heart poured itself out, and I was relieved."

"And what," I asked, "was the character of your prayer?"

"What it ought to have been," energetically replied the old divine. "I prayed to God as our common Father. I acknowledged that he would do justice; that it was hard for us poor mortals to say who was right and who wrong on earth; that the very best were sinners, and those deemed the worst by us might be regarded the best by Him. I prayed for Isaac. I prayed God to forgive him, if wrong; to forgive the Whites, if he was right;

to forgive and bless all. I was choked with tears. I caught hold of Isaac's hand and pressed it warmly, and received his warm pressure in return. And with a joy I never experienced before or since, I heard his earnest, solemn 'Amen,' as I closed.

"We stood together for some time in silence. Isaac was deeply moved. I saw it by the working of his frame, and the muscles of his face, and his eye. For the first time, tear-drops stood on his eyelids. But stilling every emotion, he began, as calmly as if he were going to rest:—

"'Master, I shall die in peace, and I give you a dying man's blessing. I shall see you no more on earth. Give my love to old master and mistress, and'—for a moment he faltered, but with concentrated energy choked down instantly his deepest emotion as he continued more solemnly than I ever heard mortal speak—'and, master, if you love me,

if you love Jesus, lead my wife and children, as you have led me, to—heaven. God forever bless you, master.'

"We parted. I saw him no more. I could not see him hung, or pray for him, as requested to do by others, at the last, dying hour. I had been with him long. For four hours we were together in his narrow, noisome cell. How indelibly are the events which occurred in them impressed upon my memory! Oh Slavery! "

The citizens outside awaited anxiously the good minister's egress from the jail, and, when he appeared, crowded round him to know the result. He looked like one jaded with a long journey. He was worn down. "It is useless—it is useless—let him die in peace," was all he said; and seeing that he was deeply moved, and taking it for granted that he had been engaged in devotional exercises with the dying, silence pervaded

the group, and he was allowed to depart in peace. And never in public, or in a mixed audience, would that minister refer to Isaac, or the hours he spent with him!

No other effort to elicit information from the leader was made, and none who promised him help, were discovered through him.

The death-day came. A mighty crowd gathered to witness the sad event to which, in that place, it was to be devoted; and the military, with gleaming swords and bright bayonets, stood under the gallows, to guard against escape or difficulty. Six "felons" were upon the gallows—it could hold no more—and Isaac was first on the list. "Be men," said he, when one of the number showed some timidity, "and die like men. I'll give you an example—then obey my brother." That brother stood next him. Isaac gazed intently upon the crowd—some thought he was looking for his wife and

children—and then spoke his farewell to his young masters. A few words passed between him and his brother, when, saying audibly, "I'll die a freeman," he sprang up as high as he could, and fell heavily as the knotted rope checked his fall. Instantly his frame was convulsed, and, in its muscular action, his feet neared the plank on which he had stood, looking as if he sought to regain it. His brother, turning his face to his comrades, deliberately put his hand upon his side, and leaning forward, held the body clear, with his elbow, as he said, "let us die like him."

The authorities perceived that the terrors of the law would be lost, and none of "the good" they anticipated be secured among the blacks, especially, who filled up the outer circle of the dense crowd, if this lofty heroism were witnessed. They proceeded rapidly with the execution, and, in a few moments,

Isaac and his brother, and their felon comrades, were asleep together!

The bodies of the blacks, after dangling in the air the usual time, as if in mockery of heaven and earth, were cut down, coffined, and carted away to their burial place. That was an out-of-the-way old field, with a stagnant lagoon on three sides of it, and a barren sand waste, covered with a sparse growth of short pines, on the other.

Beneath the shade of one of these pines which skirted the field, and not far off from the felons' graves, a colored woman, and a cluster of little ones, might have been seen. These were Isaac's wife and children. They stood where they were, until all, save one white man, had departed. He made a signal, and they approached the burial-spot. He pointed to a particular spot, and left. None know, save our Father, how long the widowed one and the fatherless remained there, or

what were their emotions. But next morning, a rough stake was found driven into the earth, beneath which Isaac lay, and ere the next Sabbath dawned, a pile of stones, with an upright memorial, was placed at the head of his grave. How these stones were obtained - for none like them were to be seen within thirty or forty miles - no one could say, though all knew who put them there. The rude memorial still stands! The grave of Isaac is yet known! And that widowed one while she lived - for she, too, has departed - kept the lone burial-spot free from weeds, and covered it with the wild rose, as if the spirit which once had animated the cold clay beneath, loved a robe of beauty and sweetness!

As not the least remarkable feature in Isaac's conduct was the course he pursued toward his family, we cannot close without referring to it. He was an exemplary

husband, and a wise as well as kind father. His wife was not superior, intellectually, but she was affectionate, and he so moulded her character as to make her worthy of him. His children were well-behaved, and remarkable for their polite manners. His very household gave evidence of all this! Everything was in order; the furniture was neat; in all the arrangements he had an intelligent eye to comfort and taste; he had a watch, and some tolerable scripture engravings; and his little garden was well stocked with the best vegetables, the best fruit, and the rarest flowers.

Of the plot Isaac's wife knew nothing. He had evidently thought of his failure, and committed no women, and as few married men as he could. He meant, let what might happen to him, that his partner should suffer no harm. This was evident enough from his conduct. For the first thing he did, after his

arrest, was to desire an interview with his old master. That was denied him. Not that the old gentleman was cruel, or angry, - for he loved Isaac - but because as he said, "he could not stand it." The next thing was, to send for his young master. He came, and to him he said, "Massa Thomas, I have sent for you to say, that my wife does not know anything about the insurrection, or any of my action. I wanted to see old master to beg him not to sell, or separate her and the children. I must get you to do that. And, Massa Thomas, when your father dies, I want you to promise that you will help them." The young man promised, (and we rejoice to say his word was kept) and then Isaac, the Slave and the felon, blessed him. Never again, until near his last hour when conversing with his minister, did he refer to his family, and the only message he sent them was a torn Bible, with this sentence rudely writ down on one of the leaves,—"We shall live again, and be together." So deep was his affection for his family, and so careful was he to ward off every suspicion or danger from them!

I met last summer the Slaveholder—an intelligent and humane man—who commanded the military the day Isaac was hung.

I referred to the scene. He spoke of it as one of the most moving that he had ever witnessed, and to my surprise, though very much to my gratification, remarked:

"I never knew what true heroism was, until I saw Isaac manifest it upon his seizure, trial and death. I felt my inferiority to him every way, and I never think of him without ranking him among the best and bravest men that ever lived."

The record below tells of his crime; and he will be remembered, on earth, as a felon!

but the record above will contain his virtues, and, in heaven, the good will know and love him, — for Isaac was a Man.

## The Runaway Slave at Pilgrim's Point.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I.

I STAND on the mark, beside the shore,

Of the first white pilgrim's bended knee;

Where exile changed to ancestor,

And God was thanked for liberty.

I have run through the night — my skin is as

dark —

I bend my knee down on this mark —
I look on the sky and the sea.

II.

O, pilgrim-souls, I speak to you:

I see you come out proud and slow

From the land of the spirits, pale as dew,

And round me and round me ye go.

O, pilgrims, I have gasped and run

All night long from the whips of one

Who, in your names, works sin and woe!

III.

And thus I thought that I would come
And kneel here where ye knelt before,
And feel your souls around me hum
In undertone to the ocean's roar;
And lift my black face, my black hand,
Here in your names, to curse this land
Ye blessed in Freedom's, heretofore.

IV.

I am black, I am black,
And yet God made me, they say:
But if He did so—smiling, back
He must have cast his work away
Under the feet of His white creatures,
With a look of scorn, that the dusky features
Might be trodden again to clay.

V.

And yet He has made dark things

To be glad and merry as light;

There's a little dark bird sits and sings,

There's a dark stream ripples out of sight;

And the dark frogs chant in the safe morass,

And the sweetest stars are made to pass

O'er the face of the darkest night.

VI.

But we who are dark, we are dark!

O God, we have no stars!

About our souls, in care and cark,

Our blackness shuts like prison-bars!

And crouch our souls so far behind,

That never a comfort can they find,

By reaching through their prison-bars.

VII.

Howbeit God's sunshine and His frost They make us hot, they make us cold, As if we were not black and lost;

And the beasts and birds in wood and wold,

Do fear us and take us for very men;

Could the whippoorwill or the cat of the glen

Look into my eyes and be bold?

VIII.

I am black, I am black,
And once I laughed in girlish glee;
For one of my color stood in the track
Where the drivers' drove, and looked at me:
And tender and full was the look he gave!
A Slave looked so at another Slave,
I look at the sky and the sea.

IX.

And from that hour our spirits grew
As free as if unsold, unbought;
We were strong enough, since we were two.
To conquer the world, we thought.
The drivers drove us day by day:

We did not mind; we went one way, And no better a liberty soughf.

X.

In the open ground, between the canes,

He said "I love you," as he passed:

When the shingle-roof rang sharp with the rains,

I heard how he vowed it fast.

While others trembled, he sate in the hut

And carved me a bowl of the cocoa-nut,

Through the roar of the hurricanes.

XI.

I sang his name instead of a song;

Over and over I sang his name:

Backward and forward I sang it along,

With my sweetest notes, it was still the same!

But I sang it low, that the slave-girls near Might never guess, from what they could hear, That all the song was a name.

XII.

I look on the sky and the sea!

We were two to love, and two to pray,—
Yes, two, O God, who cried on Thee,
Though nothing didst thou say.

Coldly thou sat'st behind the sun,
And now I cry, who am but one,—
Thou wilt not speak to-day!

XIII.

We were black, we were black,

We had no claim to love and bliss —

What marvel, ours was cast to wrack?

They wrung my cold hands out of his —

They dragged him — why, I crawled to touch

His blood's-mark in the dust — not much,

Ye pilgrim-souls, — though plain as THIS!

XIV.

Wrong, followed by a greater wrong!

Grief seemed too good for such as I;

To stifle the sob in my throat thereby.

They would not leave me for my dull

Wet eyes!—it was too merciful

To let me weep pure tears, and die.

XV.

I am black, I am black!

I wore a child upon my breast,—

An amulet that hung too slack,

And, in my unrest, could not rest!

Thus we went moaning, child and mother,

One to another, one to another,

Until all ended for the best.

XVI.

For hark! I will tell you low—low—
I am black, you see;
And the babe, that lay on my bosom so,
Was far too white—too white for me.
As white as the ladies who scorned to pray

Beside me at church but yesterday,

Though my tears had washed a place for
my knee.

#### XVII.

And my own child — I could not bear

To look in his face, it was so white:

So I covered him up with a kerchief rare,
I covered his face in, close and tight!

And he moaned and struggled as well as might be,

For the white child wanted his liberty, —

# XVIII.

Ha, ha! he wanted his master's right.

He moaned and beat with his head and feet —
His little feet that never grew!
He struck them out as it was meet
Against my heart to break it through.
I might have sung like a mother mild,
But I dared not sing to the white-faced child
The only song I knew.

XIX.

And yet I pulled the kerchief close:

He could not see the sun, I swear,

More then, alive, than now he does

From between the roots of the mangles—
where?

I know where!—close!—a child and mother

Do wrong to look at one another,

When one is black and one is fair.

XX.

Even in that single glance I had

Of my child's face, — I tell you all, —
I saw a look that made me mad, —
The master's look, that used to fall
On my soul like his lash, — or worse, —
Therefore, to save it from my curse,
I twisted it round in my shawl.

XXI.

And he mouned and trembled from foot to head,—

He shivered from head to foot, —

Till, after a time, he lay, instead,

Too suddenly still and mute;

And I felt, beside, a creeping cold, —

I dared to lift up just a fold,

As in lifting a leaf of the mango fruit.

#### XXII.

But my fruit! ha, ha!—there had been
(I laugh to think on 't at this hour!)
Your fine white angels,—who have seen
God's secret nearest to His power,—
And gathered my fruit to make them wine,
And sucked the soul of that child of mine,
As the humming-bird sucks the soul of the
flower.

#### XXIII.

Ha, ha! for the trick of the angels white!

They freed the white child's spirit so;
I said not a word, but day and night
I carried the body to and fro;

And it lay on my heart like a stone—as chill;

The sun may shine out as much as he will,—
I am cold, though it happened a month
ago.

#### XXIV.

From the white man's house and the black man's hut
I carried the little body on;
The forest's arms did around us shut,
And silence through the trees did run!
They asked no questions as I went,—
They stood too high for astonishment,—
They could see God rise on his throne.

#### XXV.

My little body, kerchiefed fast,

I bore it on through the forest—on—
And when I felt it was tired at last,

I scooped a hole beneath the moon.

Through the forest-tops the angels far,
With a white fine finger in every star
Did point and mock at what was done.

#### XXVI.

Yet when it all was done aright,

Earth twixt me and my baby strewed,—

All changed to black earth,—nothing white,—

A dark child in the dark,—ensued

Some comfort, and my heart grew young;

I sate down smiling there, and sung

The song I told you of, for good.

#### XXVII.

And thus we two were reconciled,

The white child and black mother, thus;

For, as I sang it,—soft and wild,

The same song, more melodious,

Rose from the grave whereon I sate!

It was the dead child singing that,

To join the souls of both of us.

#### XXVIII.

I look on the sea and the sky!

Where the Pilgrims' ships first anchored lay,

The great sun rideth gloriously!

But the Pilgrims' ghosts have slid away

Through the first faint streaks of the morn!

My face is black, but it glares with a scorn

Which they dare not meet by day.

#### XXIX.

Ah, in their stead their hunter-sons!

Ah, ah! they are on me! they form in a ring!

Keep off,—I brave you all at once,—
I throw off your eyes like a noisome thing!
You have killed the black eagle at nest, I
think;

Did you never stand still in your triumph, and shrink

From the stroke of her wounded wing?

4\*

#### XXX.

(Man, drop that stone you dared to lift!—)

I wish you, who stand there, seven abreast,
Each for his own wife's grace and gift,
A little corpse as safely at rest,
Hid in the mangles! yes, but she
May keep live babies on her knee,
And sing the song she liketh best.

#### XXXI.

I am not mad,—I am black!

I see you staring in my face,—
I know you staring, shrinking back,—
Ye are born of the Washington race!

And this land is the Free America,—
And this mark on my wrist,—(I prove what I say)

Ropes tied me up here to the flogging-place.

#### XXXII.

You think I shrieked there? not a sound!

I hung as a gourd hangs in the sun;

I only cursed them all around
As softly as I might have done
My own child after. From these sands
Up to the mountains, lift your hands
O Slaves, and end what I begun.

#### XXXIII.

Whips, curses! these must answer those!

For in this Union, ye have set

Two kinds of men in adverse rows,

Each loathing each! and all forget

The seven wounds in Christ's body fair;

While He sees gaping everywhere

Our countless wounds that pay no debt.

#### XXXIV.

Our wounds are different — your white men
Are, after all, not gods indeed,
Nor able to make Christs again
Do good with bleeding. We who bleed, —
(Stand off!) — we help not in our loss, —
We are too heavy for our cross,
And fall and crush you and your seed.

#### XXXV.

I fall,—I swoon,—I look at the sky!

The clouds are breaking on my brain:

I am floated along, as if I should die

Of Liberty's exquisite pain!

In the name of the white child waiting for me

In the deep black death where our kisses

agree,—

White men, I leave you all curse-free, In my broken heart's disdain!

ENGLAND.

### harshness of Abolitionists.

#### BY ELIZA LEE FOLLEN.

"The Abolitionists are so harsh, so uncompromising, so very severe, no wonder that the Slaveholders detest them. We at the North agree with them in principle,—all the world hates Slavery as much as they do; but it is their bad spirit we find fault with. The same truths might be uttered in such a tone, in such an acceptable Christian manner, that the Slaveholders themselves could not be offended, but would listen patiently to them, and be led to look into the subject, and perhaps be convinced.

"What man likes to be told that he is a robber, and that he is accessory to murder and tions make the Slaveholders and their friends very indignant, whereas a gentle, respectful language, which should not hold back the truth but speak it in love, and a proper respect for their rights, would never offend the Slaveholders. They are a generous, high-minded, chivalrous people; have a nice sense of honor, and of course will bitterly resent such treatment as they meet with from the Abolitionists."

These are the stereotyped sayings of the moderate opponents of the Anti-Slavery cause. In reply I will relate a little anecdote which I heard the other day, just observing in passing, that it is a peculiar chivalry which whips women and children, and is willing to be maintained by the unpaid earnings of their labor, and which makes them a marketable commodity. A peculiar generosity and high-mindedness, that allows a man to rob and

abuse a being weaker than himself, in order that he may live in idleness and luxury. A peculiar sense of honor, that takes all it can get from the poor victims in its power and gives nothing it can help in return. But everything is peculiar that relates to Slaveholders, and I will say no more of their chivalry and generosity and high-mindedness and nice sense of honor, for in truth they are not worth speaking of, or they would abolish Slavery to-morrow, and proceed to my story.

A very kind-hearted old woman was expressing to the lady of the house in which she lived as cook, her dissatisfaction with the old cat, because she was not willing to trust her kitten with her. "Why, ma'am," said she, "she puts no confidence at all in me,—she spits at me if I touch her kitten, and always seems to mistrust that I shall hurt it. And yet don't I love the little dear? and don't I pet and feed it? and don't I drive away the

dog when he goes near it? and don't I make much of the silly old cat herself? for she's a real good mouser, and yet the ninny is afraid of me, do what I will."

"Perhaps," said the lady of the house, "she knows and remembers that you drowned all her other kittens."

"But," replied the tender-hearted cook, "I was very gentle and particular in the way I drowned them. I warmed the water so that they should not be chilled with it, and I took them all up softly as possible, and put them carefully into the tub, so that they need not know anything about it, but in spite of all my kindness to the silly old cat and her kittens she jealouses me all the time, just the same as if I wanted to hurt her or her kittens."

Are not the Slaveholders as shrewd as this knowing old cat? and would they feel any better towards us if we always took pains to warm the water, in the hope that it might shock them less, in which we hope yet to drown their peculiar institutions?

Were we to stroke them ever so softly, and say poor Puss ever so lovingly to them, they would feel no more confidence in us than the cat did in the cook, for they know well that we have set our faces against what they hold dear, and that the hideous brood of monstersins which they have brought forth and still nurse and cherish, is in danger; and so, like the wary old cat, they are jealous of us, let us "roar" never so much "like sucking doves."

Perhaps, too, Grimalkin was acute enough to perceive in the old woman's mode of proceeding some resemblance to her own tiger nature, and dreaded her all the more on that account. In that case Puss was in the right, and showed her sense, and I doubt not she feared her more than she did the dog, who, though a ruder, was a more open and honest, enemy.

So, most likely, it would be with the Slaveholders and their abettors, - they would only dread and hate the Abolitionists the more if they were smoothed-tongued, more polite. and attempted to gloss over their determined hostility to Slavery, with gentle words. But were it not so, and could they gain anything for their cause by such means, they would disdain to use them. In the words of Curran. we ask of every pure and noble-minded man and woman who believes in the gospel of truth and freedom, When you address the public ear upon so foul and monstrous a subject, in what language would you convey your feelings of horror and indignation? Would you stoop to the meanness of qualified complaint?

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

### To Earth.

#### BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

Arouse, old Earth! thy sleep no more
That fevered dream assuages,
Which bound thee to the crumbling shore
Of long and darkened ages.
Rise, and the chains that 'round thee cling,
Rend with a strong endeavor,
Till with a sundering sound they spring
From off thy limbs forever!

The faint, far light of coming dawn,
Within thine eyelids creeping,
Bids all the phantom fears be gone,
Which filled thy heart with weeping;
And when the ever-mounting sun

Shall bring at last the morrow,

His eye of light shall look on none

Whom thou hast born to sorrow.

Forget the centuries of gloom,

With that long slumber blending,
When o'er thy breast an iron doom
Seemed ceaselessly impending!

No more thy Titan soul may feel
Oppression's endless goading,
For voices from the future steal,
Fraught with a glad foreboding!

Hope yet, O Earth! unfelt before,

Truth steals her silent marches,

As steals the dawn of moonlight o'er

The night that overarches;

The shadows move but slowly back,

Chased by the radiance cheery,

And thou must walk a twilight track

Through many a cycle weary!

Yet, even now, within thy veins,

The leaping blood rejoices;

And soon, a power that laughs at chains
Shall fill thy breast with voices!

And better far, the woes which cried
From thy great soul unheeded,
Shall find, despite of Wrong and Pride;
The solace which they needed!

Then lift thy solemn front on high,
In earnest, mute appealing;
While up thy grand eternal sky,
The morning-red is stealing!
Till Crime and Wrong and Slavery
Shall leave thy martyred bosom,
And, with God's blessing, gloriously
The flowers of Freedom blossom.

KENNETT SQUARE, PENNSYLVANIA.

### Enthusiasm.

#### BY SAMUEL BROOKE.

When the earth is wrapped in mist, when thick vapors fill the valleys and curl around hill and crag, when the sun's light is intercepted by heavy clouds, vision is rendered indistinct, and the eye fails to perceive things as they are. The absence of a genial warmth chills the system and benumbs the feelings, while the surrounding gloom, pressing upon the spirits, dissipates enthusiasm, fills the soul with despondency, and afflicts the mind with doubt.

But when those clouds are chased away, when the mists disappear, and the sunlight returns to warm and to vivify—the material world seems to the beholder to have undergone a change; the mountain is no longer a dark shapeless mass, nor the jutting crag a moving monster enveloped in a shaggy mantle; the ravines no longer send forth from their dreary recesses misty apparitions to bewilder the beholder by chasing each other in an eddying dance, for the sunlight has taken the place of cloud, fog, and darkness; the inanimate exhibits itself as it meets the sunbeam in all its freshness. newness, and beauty, - the flowers fill the air with sweet perfume, - while animated nature, relieved from the gloom, pours one rich song of joy upon the ear, filling the heart with delight and the soul with rapture. In this is seen the type — the antitype is found in the moral world.

Upon the subject of human duty, when the moral vision is obstructed, when the mind is undecided as to what is right, when mists

of doubt envelope the truth, when in the surrounding gloom the straight paths appear crooked, and duty is misunderstood, let but the light of truth burst through those clouds and shine in upon that intellect, then doubt and darkness will rapidly flee away; and if the mind, thus warmed by the sunlight of God's beautiful truth, becomes a diligent seeker after the right, the light will continue to pour in; truth after truth will develope itself; the paths of duty will become plainer and more inviting; new beauties will unfold themselves to the mental eye; the spiritual vision will become more and more distinct, and that which is sweeter far to the soul than the music of feathered songsters, will thrill the heart.

In the joy and delight thus experienced, is to be found the reason why those who love the truth have obtained some knowledge of it; and, guided by its light, are often so enthusiastic. The truthful are happy, and wish others to be so: the virtuous are joyous, and wish others to experience the same joy. Is it not true that when an individual has been enabled to see, though it be but indistinctly, the path of duty; when his feet are guided by its light, when new life has been imparted to him by the vivifying influence of the truth, when he understands that to do right confers the greatest amount of happiness, and that it is the highest interest of all to be happy, he experiences that joy which the pure in heart always wish others to share?

This is evidence of a renewed spirit, of a regenerated heart, that the individual in whom that spirit dwells, desiring all others to be happy, tries to render them so by presenting the truth, by persuading them to embrace the right, by leading them into the path of virtue, by reconciling them to God, by

cheering and encouraging the bruised and broken-hearted, by lifting up the downtrodden, by rescuing the outcast, by redeeming the Slave.

Some there are whose feelings are so callous that they can neither warm up on the subject of right and duty, or feel for the woes of others, but who look down upon the afflicted with as cold and chilly an aspect as does the wintry starlight night upon the homeless, houseless wanderer. And, as they who looked upon the Gorgon's head were changed to stone, so also are those who feel not for the afflicted - who assist in heaping injury upon others - who familiarize themselves with Slavery without laboring for its overthrow, thus petrified and rendered unable to appreciate the self-denials of the good, or to discover the springs from whence well up their feelings of joy and gladness.

But the Abolitionist is always more or less an enthusiast. His life evinces a high regard for great principles,—his actions proceed from generous impulses,—impulses that cannot be fathomed by the cold, the hard-hearted, the unfeeling, the selfish, and the bad. By them he is derided as a fanatic, and called an enthusiast by way of reproach.

MARLBORO, OHIO,

## Placido, the Cuban Poet.

BY BENJAMIN B. WIFFEN.

"Hear how the name of virgin Cuba rings
O'er the blue waves where he her poet sings:
This was his meed, the Slaves' unpitied pains,—
He praised her charms, and she repaid him—chains."

better known by the name of Placido, was a native of the Island of Cuba. Born in Slavery, yet of great natural genius, he was beloved and appreciated by some of the most respectable young men of the Havana, who united to purchase his freedom. His enemies assert that he was intended for king in the last insurrection of the Negroes, in 1844, and that he was an instigator of it,—a charge which may be received as a truth or as a

calumny, according to our estimate of the veracity of Slaveholders, in their own cause.

The Poet Placido, however, was apprehended on these accusations, and, after a long examination, was sentenced to death with ten other persons, by the council of war. It was rumored that he would proceed along with the others to the Capilla, the chapel of the condemned. At the expected time a crowd assembled. Placido appeared, walking with singular composure, and saluting, with ease and freedom, his numerous acquaintance. The unhappy victims who are condemned to suffer, are conducted into a chapel, hung with black, and dimly lighted. A succession of priests attend to chaunt, in sepulchral tones, the service for the dead. Here the criminals remain four-and-twenty hours. Placido manifested, during the whole time, a serenity truly admirable. He came from the chapel calm and undismayed. On his way to execution,

he carried a crucifix in his hand and recited in a loud, plaintive, yet firm voice, a beautiful prayer in verse, already known to our readers, from a translation made by Maria W. Chapman, which has been reprinted in Scotland, in Chambers's series of tracts. This prayer had been composed in his solitary moments, during his confinement, and his touching recitation of it thrilled through the hearts of the attentive masses of people, who lined the road as he passed along. According to persons who were present, the last stanza was finished just when he reached the place of death.

Arriving at the fatal spot, he sat down on a bench, with his back turned, as ordered, to the military. Rapid preparations were then made for his death. It was well known, that in an affecting poem written by Placido in prison, he had said it would be useless to seek to kill him by shooting his body, they must strike his heart to make it cease its beating. And now the dread moment arrived. At the last he arose and said, "Adios mundo;" "adieu world," and sat calmly down. The word was given. Five balls entered his body. Amid the murmurs of the horror-struck spectators, he got up. He turned his look upon the soldiers, his face wearing an expression of superhuman resolution, and exclaimed, "No hay piedad para mi: soldados, fuego!" "There is no pity for me: soldiers, fire!" pointing to his heart. At that instant two balls pierced his breast. He sank while his last words seemed to ring in the ears of the beholders.

He died, June 1844, at six o'clock in the morning, a victim of Slavery. A noble mind was cut off from the earth. Such, by the confession of his enemies, was the extraordinary courage he exhibited in his latest hours

The following is the version of a piece written on one of his birth-days, in which, as the event seems to prove, the mind of the poet and the prophet is exhibited in numbers, in which the reality of suffering surpasses all the ornaments of style.

### Thirty Xears.

BY PLACIDO, THE CUBAN POET.

"Whose very sorrow suffers not to weep." - DANTE.

When I review my gloomy years,

From childhood to this hour of sorrows,

I read my destiny with fears,—

Not Memory's, indeed, but Horror's.

The force that quickened it to bear

And kept my soul its anguish under,—

If efforts of supreme despair

May such be called,—I view with wonder!

Now thirty years have gone in strife,—
Cycles, not suns,—in groans and sighing,
Suffering became as life,—and life
A perpetuity of dying.

Yet ah! the keenest past is small,
And that even now I am sustaining
When I compare their thorns with all
The crown of agonies remaining.

WOBURN, BEDFORDSHIRE, ENGLAND.

## The American Revolution.

BY SAMUEL J. MAY.

We are accustomed to boast mightily that the American Revolutionists first unfurled that standard, upon whose folds are inscribed the natural, equal, inalienable rights of man. And yet (oh mountains fall and hide our inconsistency) there is not another nation upon earth, that is outraging these rights more than we are. Well may two million five hundred thousand of the people of our land (almost as many as the whole population in 1775) rue the day that severed this country from the dominion of the British crown. Had it not been for that event, they would probably at this day be rejoicing in the boon

emancipated in the West Indies. If it be our honor that our nation first unfurled the banner of human rights, it surely is our shame that that banner has been snatched from our hands, and borne onward where we as a nation are afraid to follow. Monarchical England has set her bondmen free; while we, a vaunting Democracy, are contending before the world, that it would be unsafe to give liberty to men that are enslaved!!

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

# Response across the Atlantic

FROM ERITONS TO AMERICANS.

### BY HENRY TREND.

This name should be well known to the Baptist denomination of the United States, as that of the Secretary of the "Western Association of Baptist Churches," which has repeatedly forwarded from England protests and resolutions against Slavery. Mr. Trend says in a note accompanying this response, "I am happy to know that in England the great majority of Evangelical Christians, and none more decidedly than Baptists, deem Slavery and Christianity incompatible with each other."

Brethren—o'er the western ocean,
On the wings of every breeze,
Thrilling with intense emotion
Our awed spirits, sounds like these
Float, with deepening murmurs round,
'Till our sea-girt shores resound.

"Where the Pilgrim Fathers landed,
Having burst Oppression's chain,
And, by Freedom's voice commanded,
Crossed the wide and billowy main,
And, on the untainted sod,
Reared an altar to their God—

"Where their sons, in after ages,
Scorned to tyranny to yield,
'Blazoned in heroic pages,
Victors on the battle-field;
Fighting, 'till the fight was won—
Conquering under Washington—

"Where united States are banded
By the laws of equal right,
And those laws, though single-handed,
Swear to keep from craft and might;
Making this their solemn plea,

'Men are equal born and free'—

"Where the Gospel's free salvation,
Like a full and flowing tide,
Has throughout a joyous nation,
Borne its blessings far and wide,
Bidding souls enslaved be free
With celestial liberty—

"There—yes, there—O, hear the story!
Whilst your spirits blush to hear
Of the stain on Freedom's glory,
Man enslaves his brother there,
(Free by nature and by grace,)
Be he but of Negro race!

"Small may be the dark infusion,
But it vitiates the whole;
Spreads contagion and confusion
O'er the body and the soul;
Making what seems man at least,
Chattels, or at most a beast!

"Or, if man his fellow name him,
Still, as of inferior caste,
Every custom tends to shame him,
And to misery bind him fast;
Civil, social, Christian right
Prostrate, and denied him quite.

"Thumb-screws, iron collars, lashes,
There on man are brought to bear;
Ah! and woman's flesh in gashes
Implements of torture tear:
Scarred, flesh-mangled, writhing, see
That fair form in ebony!

"There, the Slave-mart, without pity,
Rending holiest ties below,
Flourishes in every city—
Fruitful source of crime and woe!
Beauty, manhood, mind, for gold,
Like the coarsest wares are sold!—

"There, should God's free grace reclaim him,
From the slavery of sin,
Brother' — Christians will not name him,
Owing to his darker skin;
Nor their sacramental feast,
Hail the Negro as a guest!"

Brethren—sounds like these are sweeping
Oft across the deep blue sea;
British Christians' hearts are weeping,
Touched by powerful sympathy.
Brethren, are these rumors true?
Do they breathe the truth of you?

Oh, with earnest exhortation,

We would hail you o'er the wave—

Wipe the mark of degradation

From the brow of every Slave—

From your own fair face efface

Such a blot of foul disgrace!

True—on history's page 'tis branded—
Exiles from our shores you flew;
Fierce, intolerant zeal commanded
Doings which you could not do;
Thither, led by Freedom's hand,
Hied you from our bigot land.

True, by aid of warring legions,

England sought to fix the yoke,

Through your newly-peopled regions,

Which indignantly you broke;

Whilst your hosts from sea to sea

Raised the shout of victory.

True, the evil which you nourish,
Was the growth of British crime;
Britons first made Slavery flourish
In America's fair clime,
Like the deadly Upas, strong,
Fruitful of unuttered wrong.

Hence, we dare not take the station
Which a spotless land might take;
We are still a "guilty nation."
Sins to mourn o'er and forsake,
Cover us with conscious shame,
When our brethren's faults we name.

Giant evils stalk around us;
Drunkenness defiles the land;
Blasphemy might well confound us,
As before our God we stand;
Bigotry, and cant, and pride,
Swell around us like the tide.

But, throughout our wide dominions,
O'er the land and o'er the sea,
Freedom flies on out-spread pinions,
Bidding man as man be free:
Slaves, awaking at her call,
Rise, and all their shackles fall.

O'er the Caribbean sea,

When from Negro hearts undoubting,
Burst the song of jubilee,
Soon as morning's early ray

Woke the long expected day?

Then it was our sinful nation
Raised the fallen, freed the Slave;
Whilst the loud reverberation,
Sent the news across the wave—
"Man is free throughout the world,
Where the British flag's unfurled."

Let a holy emulation,

Fire you to as bright a deed;

Be in truth the freest nation,

Worthy of such glorious meed.

Who their brethren's thrall abet,

Are themselves half-bondmen yet,

Bright your heavens are, and your mountains
Rise magnificently high;
Rich your prairies, and your fountains
Pour their mighty waters by,
Giants, in their glorious sweep
Onward to the distant deep.

Think you that the God of Nature

To your land these beauties gave,
Lighted up its every feature

With his glory, that the Slave

There might live, and toil, and sigh,
Bleed, and agonize, and die?

In his Word the Lord has spoken;
Brethren, hear what he demands;
"Let the tyrant's yoke be broken;
Loose the captives from their bands."
Shiver the oppressor's rod
At the mandate of your God.

Then your brother's blood not calling
Vengeance from his justice down,
Nor your shuddering souls appalling
With the vision of his frown,
From his mercy's boundless store
He will bless you more and more.

But with awful self-delusion,
Should you scorn his high command,
Dread the horrible confusion
Which must overspread the land,
Should your servile hosts at length
Wake in their now dormant strength.

Prostrate you might see them lying,
Vanquished in the bloody fray;
But how oft the warrior, dying,
Makes his conqueror rue the day!
Glorying, as he seeks the shade,
In the havoc he has made.

Dire the woe, and loud the weeping,
Which would rise on every hand:
Hark! the awful sounds are sweeping
O'er your desolated land:
Widows' wails and orphans' cries
From your burning dwellings rise!

Brethren—hear the distant thunder,

Heralding the coming ire!

Ere the clouds are riven asunder,

Ere the concave fills with fire,

Set the swarthy exile free,

Partner of your liberty.

See those clouds, such vengeance showing
Towards you if impenitent,
With celestial radiance glowing
Through the bow that's o'er them bent;
Promise still of covenant love
From the God who reigns above.

Mercy's angel stands imploring,

Ere she spurns the Slave-tilled sod,

Ere on rapid pinions soaring,

She regains the throne of God;

Her disastrous absence fear;

Keep her by repentance, here.

To our God our prayers ascending,
Now implores his grace for you,
That, your hearts to mercy bending,
He may make you just and true.
Blow the trump of jubilee:
Let America be free.

BRIDGEWATER, ENGLAND.

### Incidents of Travel.

### BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

How strange and little to be anticipated are the turns of our destiny! What could I have thought if any one had told me, this day twelvemonths, that the great practical business of the next New Year's day would be to avoid the heat! Yet it was so. In the four preceding months I had received the idea of going to the East, and prepared for the journey; had crossed France, and been supposed lost in the Mediterranean; had seen and examined Malta, visited dreary Alexandria and beautiful Cairo; had passed the Pyrmids and awful old Thebes; and ascended the Cataract, and lingered about the Holy Island, where the ancient oath sounded in my

mind's ear,—"By Him who sleeps in Philæ;" and now, on New Year's day, I was on the Nile high up in Nubia;—about twenty miles from Korosco, when I came on deck at sunrise.

It was on this day that I obtained some of those glimpses into the life of the natives which mark particular hours of foreign travel, and abide in the memory. After breakfast the boat was going very slowly - there being no wind, and the crew being employed in tacking, two of us went ashore to walk for a mile or two, and see what we could see. The other two were afraid of the heat, and remained on board. The heat was indeed excessive. The sand almost burned my feet through my boots; the glare would have been insufferable to the eyes without goggles; and though my umbrella was covered above the silk with brown holland, I found myself seeking the shade of every clump of palms

and every acacia I passed. On the opposite bank of the river, - the Lybian shore, - there was a strip of green which refreshed our English eyes. The thorny acacias which fringed the bank, were completely covered with bindweed, rich in blossom. On our side, (the Arabian,) there was no such hedge. The dark stony desert came down to our very path. The dreary brown rocks left but a narrow slip between them and the river. Of this slip, a part was occupied by a primitive burying-ground. By the care taken of the graves, it would seem that a parched and bare place like this may be as dear to the survivors of the dead as the greenest graveyards in any country-region of England or America. Each grave was marked out with stones; and the more recent ones were thickly covered with thorns, - to keep off the hyænas and jackals which harbor among the neighboring rocks.

Near this rude cemetery, which the traveller might easily pass unobserved among the strewn stones of the desert, was a hut which might tempt him to enter, for shade and water. We entered it, and were not sorry to find it empty, that we might examine fully so fair a specimen of a Nubian dwelling. The family were absent, - no doubt hoeing their plot of ground, - their crop of lupins, or wheat, or beans, or their castor-oil, or cottonplants; or one or two might be working the sakia, - the wheel by which they raise the water of the Nile, and pour it into the little channels which intersect the ground. The melancholy creak of the revolving wheel is the music which the Nubian peasant loves best. He sets his songs to it in the day, and dreams of it at night. The Nubian peasant is eminently thrifty and industrious. The desert leaves so little cultivable land by the river side that those who would live there

must work hard, and make the most of the narrow strip along which mud is deposited by the inundation of the Nile. Among the most thrifty of these peasants must have been the inhabitants of this hut; for it was clean and tidy to a most creditable degree. Its form was that of an oblong square, slightly contracting from the base to the roof, - as Egyptian edifices always do. Its walls were of mud spread upon reeds or millet-stalks; the mud so smoothed, outside and in, as to look much better, in that dry climate, than any other material, except squared stone. It is in moist climates that mud dwellings are so wretched. It is quite another matter between the tropics. Round three sides of the dwelling ran a broad raised seat or divan, of the same structure as the walls. Here, no doubt, the family slept. At the further end were two earthen jars, - one very large, and the other smaller, - the large probably to contain the millet-seed wanted for daily food; the other for water. It is not unusual for these jars to be fixed in the ground, or on a stand, in front of the house; and then the wayfarer may help himself to water; but no one ever thinks of touching the grain. The roof of this hut was very pretty. Trunks of the palm were laid from end to end, on the top of the walls; and the fronds and leaves were stuffed and woven in, so as perfectly to exclude the light and heat, — which is all that is necessary to a roof there.

Such is an ordinary Nubian dwelling. Some have spaces for sleeping marked off,—hardly divided,—by partitions one or two feet high. Where the inhabitant has an ox, to turn his water-wheel, or is the happy proprietor of a cow, an enclosure, like a pound, with mud walls, may be seen near the dwelling. And in the garden or little field, is a low, rude pillar of stones, from which the

children sling stones, or shout, to scare the birds from the crops.

Simple as is this mode of life, and scanty as are its accommodations, it would seem, from the looks of the people, that here is enough for their happiness, if what they may obtain were but secure. Those whom we saw in their fields and about their huts, had cheerful countenances and sleek forms.

But this one proviso;—if they were but secure! Here are some,—cheerful, sleek, and hopeful. Where are others who were born and reared by their side? Some under the bastinado, or in prison, or carried off to the hated army, because they cannot pay their taxes. Others in the Slave-market, or placed in houses where it is an affair of chance whether they are happy or not; but where it is certain that they cannot be happy if they have any yearning towards that home from which they are forever exiled. Why, if

I, a mere passenger through the country, look back with a sort of tender regret upon those free and quiet scenes which I shall see no more, - the deep purple mountains sloping down to meet the orange sands, - the blue brimming Nile, the palm clumps, the sakia shrouded in verdure, the neat dwelling about which the pigeons hover all day and over which the stars pass unclouded every night of the year, what must the remembrance of these things be to the man doomed to be for life the spy and jailor of the hareem? or the girl imprisoned for life behind the curtains of the women's abode? Supposing her lot the best, - that she is a favored wife, there can hardly be a day when she does not sigh, amidst the luxury, and ennui, and jealousies of the hareem, to be again under the broad sky of her own land, working with her mother at the guhern, or driving the ox with her little brother; or singing while she bakes the

bread for her hungry father's meal. There may be, and there are, degrees of horror in Slavery: but here, where, by universal consent its horror is mildest, because the sin is committed by those who know nothing of freedom, the disgust is enough to mar, to the thoughtful heart, the peace of the tropical roof, and to jar the music of the stars at midnight. Happy shall he be who visits Nubia when Slavery is no more.

ENGLAND.

### Lines

#### FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

These lines, written by a member of the family of that devoted friend of the cause, James Haughton, Dublin, were found in a box of contributions to the Bazaar.

'Tis writ in Scripture's sacred page,
And for our profit written there:
The righteous man—the holy sage—
Regards the oxen in his care.

'Tis writ in Scripture's page of truth,

The sparrow's fall is marked by Him

Who made the bird:—no heedless youth

May think it sport to crush a limb.

The tale is in the Scripture found;
What rage the unthinking prophet shewed,

8\*

Who felled injurious to the ground,

The faithful beast on which he rode:

How God looked on, and marked the deed,

By blinding wrath — not justice done.

Not e'en the humble ass might bleed,

But God beheld that suffering one;

And lent to that dumb beast the power
Of human speech with man to plead;
The humbled prophet in that hour,
Confessed 'twas sin, the ruthless deed!

And doth the Lord for oxen care?

Raise the dumb beast the man above?

What soul may read—yet heedless dare
O'erlook the truth, that God is love.

If the dumb ass, with bleeding wound,

Unjustly dealt—was marked by Heaven:

If low and prostrate on the ground

The prophet sought to be forgiven:

If to the beast who reasons not,

A mighty sense of justice came:

And if that blow remains a blot,—

To him who dealt it lasting shame:—

Oh how shall then a brother's blood

Cry to the Lord with awful sound!

Not one small drop — A MIGHTY FLOOD —

LAND OF THE SLAVE — CRIES FROM THY

GROUND!

DUBLIN, IRELAND.

## L' Esclavage.

#### PAR LINSTANT.

Cette tâche imprimée au caractère Americain, ne reste pas seulement confinée dans le sud; elle s'etend aussi, sur le Nord. Il existe éntre ces deux parties de l'Union des relations politiques et commerciales telles, que le Nord participe à tous les actes du sud. Et si le premier n'a plus d'esclaves, il n'entretient pas moins au suprême dégré le prejugé de couleur, lequel serait pis que l'esclavage lui même, si quelque chose au monde pouvait être plus terrible que la perte de la liberté.

Que le Nord y reflechisse donc; qu'il se décide enfin à cesser toute participation à l'œuvre d'iniquité qui se poursuit en ce moment dans le sud. Il en est temps encore;

car il arrivera un moment où il n'y aura plus moven de s'opposer a l'emancipation des esclaves. Alors les mâitres du sud appelleront à leur secours la banqueroute générale pour s'affranchir de leurs dettes envers les creanciers du Nord. Alors une grande perturbation se manifestera dans le sein de l'Union; des embarras politiques surgiront; les existences individuelles seront compromises; l'Union sera en danger. Juste punition que Dieu, dans sa colère inflige aux violateurs des droits de l'humanité, à ceux qui commettent toute sorte d'iniquités; qui ravissent le bien d'autrui par violence; qui affligent le faible et le pauvre, qui oppriment l'étranger sans aucune forme de justice.

HAITI.

## The Jugitives' hymn.

### BY T. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

Over heads that are bowed in prayer,
And the Northern Lights are streaming
Through the mild and fragrant air,
Like the pillar of fire that once shone clear
Upon Israel's weary way;
And so, in a joy that knows no fear,
Father, thy children pray;
While we rest where no foe can find us,
Our toils and grief seem o'er,
With the Land of Slaves behind us,
The Land of the Free before!

Far up through the shadowy pine-tree boughs
The night-winds roll and sigh,

And prayer sinks to whispering as we think
It may be Thy voice on high!
Has thy breath indeed come downward
To the depths of the forest lone?
Then well may our prayers go upward
To thine Eternal Throne;
They shall rise through these solemn arches,
And mingle before Thee,
To shelter our weary marches
Toward the Country of the Free!

By day and by night in our ceaseless flight
We have toiled with footsteps slow,
We have shrunk from each voice, we have
feared each noise,
As if all that lives were our foe;
Yet no thought of crime was in one breast—
Since each but sought to save
Himself and those whom he loved the best
From the life and the death of a Slave;
So, firm and fearless, though hushed and low,
Our night-song swelled to Thee,

As we wandered on in our wretchedness Toward the Country of the Free!

We would breathe no curse, we would ask no ill,

For those whom we leave behind,

But that Thou will grant them a wiser will,

A better and holier mind;

Our thoughts and our hopes are all before,

The Past is gone like a dream —

When we tell to Freemen our story o'er How strange will its sorrows seem!

We are safe when we reach their sunny hills, When we stand on their waving plains;

They will laugh to scorn the tyrannous voice
That would call us back to chains:—

We will toil with joy in that promised Land And sing our praise to Thee

Who didst lead us forth with a mighty hand To the country of the Free!

NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS.

### Clerical Inflnence.

#### BY CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

Some years ago, while on a visit to Newburyport, I was urging the claims of the Anti-Slavery cause upon a friend whose active benevolence and strict conscientiousness led me to hope that he would favorably receive the truth upon that subject. He had been several years absent from the country, and I supposed that a mere statement of the principles and measures of the Abolitionists, and of the opposition they met from the representatives of trade, church and state, would be sufficient to enlist his sympathies in their favor. I was disappointed. He gave no sign of assent while I spoke; and his closing words showed me how hopeless

would be any further direct attempt to influence him. "I cannot believe," said he, "in the goodness of any cause to which such a man as Dr. Dana is opposed."

Our countrymen pay little heed to the denunciations of that prophet who said "Cursed be he that putteth his trust in man." We trust to the doctor for our health, to the parson for our religion, and to the candidate of our party for our political creed; even the apparent exceptions to this rule serve to fortify it; for contemners of the medical faculty, opposers of the clergy, and dissenters from the political parties are so because they have transferred the trust formerly placed in these to the inventor of some opposing system, whose statements they now receive with unreasoning docility as synonyms of reason and truth.

The sympathies and influences of his profession are sufficient to account for the

Rev. Dr. Dana's opposition to Anti-Slavery, and at the time of the conversation above referred to, I had entirely forgotten that his son, also a clergyman, is settled in Charleston, South Carolina. This fact was first recalled to my mind by the following notice, which I found in the Charleston Courier of May 22d, 1847.

"Sunday Night Discourses. — Several Clergymen, Pastors of Churches in this city, will deliver a Series of Discourses on important subjects of the Christian Religion, each successive Sunday night. The Nineteenth Discourse will be preached To-Morrow Night, by the Rev. W. C. Dana, in the English Lutheran Church, Archdale St. Service to begin at 8 o'clock. Subject — Choice of Moses, an example to young men."

In the same paper, in close proximity to the above, was the following, with various other Slave advertisements.

"AT PRIVATE SALE, a Negro Woman, 30 years old, with her child, 3 months old; she is a good child's nurse and house servant, of good character and dispo-

sition; she will be sold reasonable to a resident of the city.

"Also - A Fellow, 30 years old, a good bricklayer and laborer.

"A Fellow, 45 years old, a field hand and gardner.

Apply to

R. C. GEYER,

"Broker and Auctioneer, 18 State St."

It may be that Mr. Geyer, who so coolly proposes to sell a woman and her child "reasonable," is a member of Mr. Dana's church; and if so, he might very probably reply to one who should commend Anti-Slavery,—"I cannot believe in the goodness of any cause to which such a man as Mr. Dana is opposed."

Perhaps he went, the Sunday after having advertised to sell his fellow beings, guilty of a skin not colored like his own, to hear Mr. Dana, a Northern clergyman with Southern principles, recommend the example of Moses to the imitation of the young men of Charleston.

What, think you, did he say of Moses? Oh! that we could have heard that sermon! What a glorious opportunity to speak truth where it was most needed! The speaker, a man of Massachusetts! The subject, Moses! The audience, Slaveholders! Alas! that such an occasion should be wasted, or worse, perverted and abused.

Did he tell them of that Moses who so thoroughly and practically sympathized with his enslaved brethren as to refuse to ally himself even with the royal family of their enslavers?

Did he tell them of that Moses whose zeal was so aroused against oppression that he killed an Egyptian whom he saw flogging a Hebrew Slave?

Did he tell them of that Moses, the prototype of Nat. Turner and of Toussaint L'Ouverture, who devoted the best energies of his life to the work of breaking the chains of his enslaved countrymen; who first secretly incited them to demand immediate emancipation and then openly claimed it for them in the face of their oppressors; who, in the prosecution of that work, set at naught the laws of the land, the authority of the magistrates, and the claim of property in human flesh made by the Slaveholders, and who summarily settled the question of "compensation," by exacting it from the masters for the benefit of their former Slaves?

Did he praise that Moses, the sternness of whose Anti-Slavery shrank not from carrying DEATH into each family of the oppressors?

Did he urge upon them the example of that Moses, first insurgent general and then legislator, who issued this decree to his emancipated nation—"Thou shalt not deliver again to his master the Slave who hath escaped from his master to thee?"

Nay, verily! The Moses whom he recommended to their imitation was quite a different person.

But again; did he connect the past with the present in the minds of his hearers so much as to tell them that if Moses were now to appear in Charleston, and recommence his old work among his colored brethren and their masters, he would be hung by the neck till he was dead, under the laws of the state and city, unless he were first burned alive by the Slaveholders?

Did he tell them that modern Abolitionists, agreeing with Moses only in the demand for immediate emancipation, and disagreeing with him as to the propriety of killing the enslaver and forcibly exacting compensation for past services extorted by him, are far more lenient to modern Slaveholders than Moses was to the Egyptians, and therefore far safer models for their imitation?

Nothing like it.

But what then did he say of *Moses*? How could *Moses* be presented by a Pro-Slavery man as a model for Slaveholders?

It is very possible, by omitting part of the truth and skilfully arranging the remainder, to give it the effect of a lie; and this device has often been used by the opposers, especially the clerical opposers, of Anti-Slavery. A lecture might be given on the history of Toussaint, every word of which should be true, and yet every word acceptable to a Charleston audience. Mrs. Gilman's Recollections of a Southern Matron probably contains no literal violation of the truth; yet whoever should rely upon that book as a correct exponent of Slavery would find himself wofully deceived.

Nothing is more certain than that a just statement of the Anti-Slavery character of Moses, and a serious proposal that his example should be imitated in Charleston, would cause its author to be ignominiously expelled, if not murdered, by the people of that city. And it is equally certain that a teacher of religion who lives in the midst of Slavery without opposing it, practically defends it. We need not read Mr. Dana's sermon to know its character. Since he retained his popularity with a slaveholding congregation after preaching it, he must of course have either suppressed or falsely stated some parts of the history of Moses, and the very parts which a preacher of the Gospel would most clearly and strongly have stated, in the hearing of such an audience.

The facts above mentioned, specimens of a large class which those may see who will, show why the church and the clergy are regarded by Abolitionists as the great bulwark of Slavery. Clergymen go from the North to the South, settle over churches composed of

Slaveholders without questioning their Christian character, and buy, or otherwise assume the possession of Slaves themselves. This is enough to disprove their pretensions to the character of Christian ministers; but they do worse. They make religion itself the minister of sin; they wrest the facts of the Old Testament and the precepts of the New from their true significance, and prostitute the sacred office of preacher of the Gospel to the defence of the foulest abomination which that Gospel was sent to exterminate. They sanctify by their approval the worst of popular vices. Instead of leading their people up towards Christianity, they distort and pervert that holy system until it seems to spread its protecting wing over the crimes of those on whom they depend for bread; and when a conscientious and ingenuous soul, not yet wholly depraved by the corrupting influences of the Slave system, is startled by some new cruelty or impelled by the voice of reason and humanity to inquire into his own duties towards his inherited Slaves, these reverend corruptors of youth allay his fears, turn aside his doubts by ingenious sophistry, quench his good resolutions, and make even the Bible a snare for his feet. The Southern clergy, I say, act thus. The Northern clergy, knowing all this, unscrupulously extend to these men the right hand of what they call Christian fellowship, and partake with them the guilt of practical advocacy of the Slave system. And the people, alas! blindly follow where these blind guides lead.

It is a pleasure however to know that all are not such. The truths of Anti-Slavery, by their necessary connection with all other truth, are opening the minds of men and women to much that was formerly hidden from them; and among these revelations, not the least important is that which shows that

we are not doing God service in supporting those clergymen who, directly or by implication, deny the paternal relation of God to men, or the fraternal relation which he requires men to bear towards each other.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

## hail! the Dawn!

#### BY W. LINDSAY ALEXANDER.

ῶ χᾶιρε λαμπτήρ νυκτός, ἡμερήσιον φάος πιφαύσκων. — Æsch. Agam. 22.

ALL hail! the weary night at length is bright-'ning

Into the sunshine of the perfect day.

See! see! where Freedom's herald-star,
enlight'ning

The rising nations with auspicious ray,
Leads up, 'mid ever joyous bursts of song,
In mystic dance, the sacred hours along—
The golden-footed hours, that speed the reign
O'er earth of Peace and Right. On rock and
plain

Love lights her fires; whilst on prophetic wings

HOPE, like a morning bird, soars up and sings.

EDINBURGH.

### Come and do it better.

#### BY THEODORE PARKER.

THE cry is often raised against the Anti-Slavery folk, "Their work is a good one; the end good; perhaps the motive—but the method foolish and the spirit bad. We also hate Slavery in the abstract; yes more, we hate it in the concrete; but we do not like the measures of the Anti-Slavery men, and we dislike their spirit."

To all such we say—That sounds very honest. You like the aim but not the means. Come and do it better. There is room enough and to spare. If you hate Slavery, abstract and concrete—let your hatred appear in your action. If you like not our path travel in your own, with what progress you may, and God

speed you, say we. If you like not our society, or our name, why, work in such company as you will, and with such a name as you shall get; only work.

There are two ways of criticising an action—one is to sit down and tell how bad the action is, how faulty, how inadequate; the other is—to set examples of better actions. One is criticism by censure, the other criticism by creation. Now the Anti-Slavery men have been so abundantly blessed with the first kind of criticism that they are almost afraid it is wasted on them. Pray give them a little of the latter; criticise them by example. Reform their bad hand by setting them a good copy.

The Politician—that is the Party-man—says, "But the Anti-Slavery men actually abuse the State. We like their work, not their abuse." To such we say again: Come

and do it better. Oppose Slavery; prevent its extension; get it ended, and all that without abusing the State. Only oppose it manfully, openly, and with a continual front—as the Democrats oppose Protection; as the Whigs Free-Trade.

You say "The Anti-Slavery men do not like the Constitution, call it Pro-Slavery and the like,—so they are enemies of their country." They have small reason for liking the Constitution as it is now. It is no great wonder that a man who believes "all are men created equal," "endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights"—should dislike that part of the Constitution which perpetuates Slavery, which binds man to defend Slavery, to bear arms in its behalf, to pay money for supporting it, to deliver up a fugitive who makes his declaration of Independence—setting up on his own unalienable right to Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness.

Remove this blot out of the Constitution and no Anti-Slavery man as such will quarrel with it. But as things now go, the Defender of "the Constitution as it is; as our fathers left it to us," is in danger of becoming a defender not of Freedom, but of Slavery; not a Friend to his country, but a Foe who fastens about her neck a mill-stone which must at last drown her in the depths of that sea which swallows up wicked States. Get a Constitution which does not protect the robber of men and what Anti-Slavery man will wag his tongue against it? Oppose Slavery in your own way, without abusing the State.

The Sectarian, the man of a theological party—says likewise: "But the Anti-Slavery men abuse the churches, speak ill of the orthodoxy of our times, and have no great faith in the Clergy themselves. We like their work, but not their abuse of the churches."

To them also we say: Come and do it better. Oppose Slavery with the same zeal that you oppose heresy, infidelity, unbelief, and without abusing the churches, slighting the orthodoxy of the day, or without underrating the Clergy, - only oppose it. Take as much pains to teach Christianity, with all that belongs thereto - the whole counsel of God -to the Slave and the master in the United States, as you take to send missionaries to India, China, and the Sandwich Islands. Perhaps the Negro on the Gaboon river does not need a missionary to help save his soul more than the Negro-driver on the Potomac or the Cattahooche. The Heathenism of Eastern nations is very bad - no doubt; but the Heathenism of America is a little nearer at hand and more inexcusable. But oppose Slavery if you can, and not offend the churches.

Is it true that the Anti-Slavery men speak ill of the churches except so far as those churches uphold Slavery by speech or silence? It has not yet been shown. In opposing churches, church-doctrines, and church-servants, the Anti-Slavery men only meant to oppose them so far as they upheld Slavery. Surely they never thwarted the efforts of any church which aimed to promote Goodness and Piety amongst men. But suppose they have erred a little in opposing the churches which never liked an opponent - and you see the error. Why, extend a little charity toward them; criticise them bravely by setting a better example while sparing the churches. Contend you, with all your might, against Slavery itself. The old opponents of Slavery will never disturb you; the Slave shall bless you. One day the churches shall call you a Saint - which is a trifle. To-day the angel of the churches shall say: "Well done good and faithful servant!"

Good sober quiet men say—"The Anti-Slavery men are right in the main. Slavery is not the only wrong of our times; but the worst and the most inexcusable. We find little fault with what they say about the State or the Churches, thinking that pretty well deserved. But they quarrel with one another: the Old School is bigoted, the Liberty-Party sectarian, both hate one another most cordially and waste their lives in mutual contention. We like their work, but not their quarrels." To such likewise we say: Come and do it better. Do it without Bigotry, without Sectarianism, without Quarrelling. But be sure and do it.

Quarrelling is no new thing. Sometimes there has been a little jarring among political men—one has known of such things at Conventions, when only men of one party met together. A quarrel amongst Sectarians is a thing that has happened. Perhaps there was

never a council of divines the most orthodox. or the most heterodox, but they separated after a little strife and went home with heartburnings - at least some of them. Men who meet to discuss the method of Prison Discipline bring their old quarrels from the Convention or the street, and sometimes hardly keep the peace. Still notwithstanding the great age and undeniable respectability of the habit of quarrelling, calling hard names, and getting red in the face — it is a bad habit, and we are glad to see you dislike it. Therefore set the Abolitionists an example; oppose Slavery without quarrelling. Spend all your strength on the enemy; do'nt waste a shot by any random fire, or in any private quarrel. Who knows but you are exactly the men that are needed to bring down the game after the bush has been so long beaten and so much ado has been made on all sides? Criticise by superior creation. Come and do it better.

## A Christmas Hymn.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHN TAUBER.\*

BY THEODORE PARKER.

I.

A LOVELY burthen bearing,

A Bark comes sailing fast;

Angels the work are sharing

Around the stately mast.

II.

The laden Bark comes near us,
Sent by the Father's Word;
It brings great Help to cheer us,
Jesus, the Saviour, Lord.

<sup>\*</sup> Born 1294, died 1361. The rudeness of the original rhyme and rhythm is preserved.

III.

The Bark approaches nearer,

The small Boat comes to land;—

The Heaven has opened clearer,

The Sun is close at hand.

IV.

Oh, Mary hath selected

For us her flesh and blood;

The child for us elected

Is man and also God.

V.

There in his crib reclining—
A lovely child is he;
His soul like light is shining:
How must we honor Thee.

VI.

Oh Mary, Christ's dear Mother, How honored must thou be! For Jesus is our Brother;

A lovely child is he.

VII.

From that dear mouth so holy,

If I a kiss should steal,

Though sick and melancholy—

I know I should be well.

VIII.

Oh Mary, God's dear Mother,

How great thy praise must be;

For Jesus our dear Brother,

Great honor brings to thee!

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

## Bibles for the Slaves.

#### BY FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The above is the watch-word of a recent but quite numerous class of persons, whose ostensible object seems to be to give Bibles to the American Slaves. They propose to induce the public to give, of their abundance, a large sum of money, to be placed in the hands of the American Bible Society, to be employed in purchasing Bibles and distributing them among the Slaves.

In this apparently benevolent and Christian movement, they desire to unite all persons friendly to the long imbruted and long neglected Slave. The religious press has already spoken out in its favor. So full of promise and popularity is this movement that many of the leaders in Church and State are pressing into it. Churches, which have all along slumbered unmoved over the cruel wrongs and bitter woes of the Slave, - which have been as deaf as Death to every appeal of the fettered bondman for liberty, - are at last startled from their heartless stupor by this new cry of Bibles for the Slaves. Ministers of Religion, and learned Doctors of Divinity, who would not lift a finger to give the Slave to himself, are now engaged in the professed work of giving to the Slave the Bible. Into this enterprize have been drawn some who have been known as advocates for emancipation. One Anti-Slavery Editor has abandoned his position at the head of a widely circulating journal, and has gone forth to lecture and solicit donations in its behalf. Even the American Bible Society, which a few years ago peremptorily refused to entertain the offensive subject, and refused the offer of ten thousand dollars, has at last relented, if not repented, and now condescends to receive money for this object. To be sure we have had no public assurance of this from that society. It is, however, generously inferred by the friends of the movement, that they will consent to receive money for this purpose. Now what does all this mean? Are the men engaged in this movement sane? and if so, can they be honest? Do they seriously believe that the American Slave can receive the Bible? Do they believe that the American Bible Society cares one straw about giving Bibles to the Slaves? Do they suppose that Slaveholders, in open violation of their wicked laws, will allow their Slaves to have the Bible? How do they mean to get the Bible among the Slaves? It cannot go itself,it must be carried. And who among them all has either the faith or the folly to undertake the distribution of Bibles among the Slaves?

Then, again, of what value is the Bible to one who may not read its contents? Do they intend to send teachers into the Slave States, with the Bibles, to teach the Slaves to read them? Do they believe that on giving the Bible, the unlettered Slave will all at once—by some miraculous transformation—become a man of letters, and be able to read the sacred Scriptures? Will they first obtain the Slaveholder's consent, or will they proceed without it? And if the former, by what means will they seek it? And if the latter, what success do they expect?

Upon these points, and many others, the public ought to be enlightened before they are called upon to give money and influence to such an enterprize. As a mere indication of the growing influence of Anti-Slavery sentiment this movement may be regarded by

Abolitionists with some complacency; but as a means of abolishing the Slave system of America, it seems to me a sham, a delusion, and a snare, and cannot be too soon exposed before all the people. It is but another illustration of the folly of putting new cloth into an old garment, and new wine into old bottles. The Bible is peculiarly the companion of liberty. It belongs to a new order of things -Slavery is of the old - and will only be made worse by any attempt to mend it with the Bible. The Bible is only useful to those who can read and practise its contents. It was given to Freemen, and any attempt to give it to the Slave must result only in hollow mockery.

Give Bibles to the poor Slaves! It sounds well. It looks well. It wears a religious aspect. It is a Protestant rebuke to the Pope, and seems in harmony with the purely evangelical character of the great American peo-

ple. It may also forestall some movement in England to give Bibles to our Slaves .and this is very desirable! Now admitting (however difficult it may be to do so) the entire honesty of all engaged in this movement, - the immediate and only effect of their efforts must be to turn off attention from the main and only momentous question connected with the Slave, and absorb energies and money in giving to him the Bible that ought to be used in giving him to himself. The Slave is property. He cannot hold property. He cannot own a Bible. To give him a Bible is but to give his master a Bible. The Slave is a thing, - and it is the all commanding duty of the American people to make him a man. To demand this in the name of humanity, and of God, is the solemn duty of every living soul. To demand less than this, or anything else than this, is to deceive the fettered bondman, and to soothe the conscience of the Slaveholder on the very point where he should be most stung with remorse and shame.

Away with all tampering with such a question! Away with all trifling with the man in fetters! Give a hungry man a stone, and tell what beautiful houses are made of it,—give ice to a freezing man, and tell him of its good properties in hot weather,—throw a drowning man a dollar, as a mark of your good will,—but do not mock the bondman in his misery, by giving him a Bible when he cannot read it.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

# The Spirit's Birth-song.

#### BY ALMIRA SEYMOUR.

Forward now, alone, brave spirit!

In the guidance of thy God;

Lean not on another's merit,

Cling not to the genial sod —

Duty's pathway is before thee,

Steep and rugged though it be,

Right's broad banner floating o'er thee —

Forward! hopeful, trusting, free.

Turn not to the leafy bowers

Where soft dalliance asks thy stay—
Heed not the swift-footed hours,
Beckoning thee to pleasure's way;
Say not, I am sad and lonely,
And the waste is bleak and wide,
He who gave the spirit, only
Can its wanderings safely guide.

Look not on the Past in sorrow,

Look not on the Past at all—

Ask not counsel of the morrow,

Answer to the Present's call:

'Tis a cry from Him who made thee,

From thy bleeding, brother man.

Strive thou—angel-hands shall aid thee,

Heaven send blessing, for earth's ban.

Disappointment and desertion
Are but spurs to lofty souls,
Urging to renewed exertion
Every life-wave as it rolls.
Be thou strong in love and labor,
Brave of heart and firm of hand;
God thy Father, man thy neighbor,
Though in earth's remotest land.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

### Old Sambo.

#### BY ELIZA LEE.

"Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere;
Not scorned in Heaven, though little noticed here."

Memories of early life, from the fresh waters of the fountain of existence, gush up with ten-fold vividness when bereavement, sadness, or solitude press upon the heart and overshadow it with the dark wings of melancholy. At such moments, if we have ever been remotely or indirectly the cause of pain to others, if we have ever helped to barb the arrow of ingratitude that has pierced the heart of the lowliest of our fellow beings, how does the memory of the wrong bow down the human spirit and steep it in tears of penitence!

When such moments occur to me, full and vivid recollections of poor Sambo come back with all the kindred associations of early youth - home, parents, sisters, brother, now all scattered and passed away - and overwhelm my spirit with secret and bitter memories. Sambo was the earliest friend and associate of my youth. When domestic Slavery existed in New England he had been the African Slave of my maternal grandfather. My grandfather was an eminent and most respected clergyman in Maine, when Maine was a part of Massachusetts. Before the year 1780, almost every family of a certain rank in Massachusetts had one or more African Slaves. They were the attached and most kindly treated servants, or domestic help. It has sometimes seemed to me that they held almost the same relation in the family that the jester or clown used to do in old feudal times, in the families of princes. Sambo was old, even before my grandfather's death. He was admitted to the utmost familiarity of speech, and allowed many liberties that a white servant would not have taken. I remember an anecdote that my grandfather was fond of repeating, though it told rather against his own liberality. His salary as a minister was small, and he was obliged to practise close economy; and when occasionally the ribs of beef and mutton had been rather closely picked before they reached Sambo's trencher, my grandfather would say, "Ah, Sambo, the nearer the bone the sweeter the meat."

In those primitive times there were no inns in K—; but, if there had been, the minister's house was of course the home of the wandering clergy, who had only to lift the latch, day or night, to find a hearty welcome or a comfortable bed. When the Court came round in its circuit, and the honored judges with well

filled saddle-bags - on one side their robes and wigs, the other stuffed with learned opinions and hard-labored judgments - stopped at the parsonage door, there was joyful welcome and entertainment for judge and beast. On one of these occasions - and it was the most respected chief justice who gladdened the door-step - Sambo tethered his valuable nag to a bare ledge of granite, in the sterile pastures of the wild New England coast. When my grandfather chid him severely for his inhospitality to the poor beast, Sambo answered, with a twinkle from the white of his black eye, "Massa tell Sambo nearer the bone the sweeter the meat, so Sambo think nearer the rock the sweeter the pasture."

My mother was the only child of Sambo's master. At his death Sambo refused the competence and independence that was offered him, and preferred passing into the light, gentle and loving service of my mother, now

married, and the mother of three children, — myself, my little sister, and a baby of a few months old.

How intense and how touching in its exhibition was the affection of poor Sambo for his master's daughter and her young children! He was free, yet he was bound in bonds, soft and flexible, but stronger than links of riveted steel. He was now very old. As I recollect him, when I was six years old, his head was white as snow; his face, black as polished ebony, was covered with wrinkles; and his tall form spare and bent. But even then, he would give whole days to my youthful sports; would carry me upon his back over the wild hills, or would sit all day by the pebbly brook, helping me to make and sail my tiny boat; or he would hunt the bushes "from morn to dewy eve," in search of blueberries for my supper. My little gentle sister was his favorite, and in all our excursions she was in his arms, - the little lady, whose foot must never touch the ground, whose cheek the winds must never roughly visit. Sambo was a true knight,— worthy of the best days of chivalry,— with a loyal heart towards women. The baby also was best pleased with Sambo. He could always soothe her to quiet or to sleep. He would nestle her delicate fair face in his swarthy bosom, and the cambric of her dress would be wrapped in his coarse woollen frock, while her little white arms were laid upon the wiry net-work of his face. She, innocent babe, saw his soul through those bleared eyes, as white and pure as the lily of her own complexion.

But, ah, the halcyon days of life soon passed away from Sambo and from me. My gentle, tender mother was taken from her home of love to her home with angels, and her poor orphans wept, wondering and amazed at the change. Is it not mercy that tempers with ignorance the loss of a mother to her young children? Did they understand their loss, could they appreciate its magnitude, how would it bruise and break their young hearts. The most precious love is that which we do not understand; and the heaviest loss is that which sits lightest upon the young spirit. When years have passed away, and we go back in memory to that first but evanescent grief; or when our footsteps, with the weight of added years, press the turf that covers the ashes of a mother's heart, then, then we weep our loss afresh, and feel that our whole life and character has been changed by that first grief.

A few years passed, and another sat by the domestic fireside, in my mother's place; another fair and lovely infant filled the cradle. Poor Sambo was now too old to dandle the baby, and I was too young to observe that since his young mistress died he had much

pined away, or to understand the profound depths of his grief when he would take my two little sisters in his arms and myself at his knee, while floods of tears coursed over the deep furrows of his cheeks. Then he would tell us stories of his native land, - for Sambo had been a prince in Africa, - till a flame seemed lit in his faded eye, and a faint color would mount to his hollow and worn face. But Sambo was now almost blind; he was quite useless, and was becoming every day more burthensome. My second mother could have, of course, none of those tender, kindred associations that made my own mother regard him as one of the dearest objects of her care; and, as he had rocked the cradle of her infancy, she would have tended the footsteps of his age, and cheered the hour of his death. He was troublesome in his second childhood, and a hired lodging was prepared for him, still, however, furnished with every comfort

except the soothing presence of the children of his love. This severance from them loosened every tie on earth, and broke his faithful heart; he survived his removal only a few weeks.

Devoted friend of my infancy! should God permit me to behold thee in heaven, where thou art doubtless an angel of love and beauty, I will fall at thy feet and ask thee to forgive the pang of ingratitude that I unconsciously planted in thy loving heart.

### Sonnet.

#### BRITISH WEST INDIAN EMANCIPATION.

#### BY JANE E. HORNBLOWER.

A MIGHTY sound came rushing through the air,
Of thousand human voices; 'twas the cry
Of an indignant multitude on high,—
Of virtuous hearts it was the deep-breathed
prayer:—

"Strike off the chains!" The victims of despair —

They shall, they shall be free! Yes, as we live,

And as this mighty boon is ours to give,
For Freedom we will stand; and nobly dare
To struggle for the helpless. Groans and tears
Come from you Western shore, and blight
our soil.

Our brethren perish in their bonds and toil.

Loaded with crime the awful Past appears.

Our hands are stained, our souls are sick with sin;

And now the work of mercy shall begin!

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

## The Slave of Mammon.

BY SUSAN C. CABOT.

It is interesting to travellers, when on a journey, to meet with one who has some incident to relate that throws light upon the difficulties and dangers that beset an unknown road.

I was seated upon a circular bench that was placed around a delicious spring of water, and where I, with many others, had stopped to allay our thirst, and rest under the covering which protected us from the hot sun. While there, in rather a listless state of mind, a woman came to fill her pitcher at the spring. I was interested in her appearance, and addressed her, knowing from what I had heard that she was a Slave. I said, "Do you

know that here in this place you are free to go and come as you please; that no one has a right to take from you what God has given to you?" She was silent for a few moments; then, resting herself against a pillar, said, "Yes, I know all that very well; I have been told of it by everybody here; but I have got to work, and I have a kind mistress to work for; I don't see that it makes so very much difference where a person is, so long as she has got to work. I see white people here who don't seem to be much better off than I am. They have to work just as hard as I, and much harder. I see very bad white people here at the North."

"Yes," I said, "and it is because they are very bad that they allow such a thing as Slavery. People here at the North are as bad as people at the South, and a great deal worse, if they do not do all they can to prevent Slavery, — for Slavery is the worst sin in the

world; any one who takes from another the freedom that God has given him, does him the greatest injury. When you think that your mistress has a legal right to make you do whatever she chooses you should do; has a right to punish you, to sell you to a master or mistress that may make your life miserable, and to do with you whatever she pleases, you must feel that it is a great injury to you."

"Yes, but then I have a mistress who would not do any of these things to me; she has always been kind to me; and did I not last summer tend her through all her sickness as if she were a child,—and can I leave her? No, I could not leave my mistress any way—she has always been so good to me; she always trusts me, and lets me do as I please. I can come and go, just as I like. No, I never would leave her; there is something here that will not let me do it,"—and she placed her hand upon her heart,—"no, my

conscience wont let me do it; I have studied it all out; a great many times have I studied it, and I can't make it out that it is right for me to leave her. Providence has been with me so far, and will continue to be with me to the end." These are her simple words.

Such an incident as this strengthens our faith in the power of virtue, and awakens anew our sense of wrong. If this poor Slave could so have lighted her torch on the altar of devotion as to make her path appear bright to her, what a lesson to those who have taken advantage of her ignorance to place her in the lowest rank of human beings. How did this poor black woman shine forth to me in rays of divine light; and how appalling to the heart the fearful fact that of such have we dared to make beasts of burden! She was the teacher at the well, who had meat to eat that her employers knew not of. It is such travellers on the way that may carry us to the

spring of living water, and from whom we can learn that wrong-doing is the great Apollyon in our unknown path.

Let the Slaveholder take this lesson of affectionate devotedness to his heart, and then ask, who is the nearest to the kingdom of heaven,—this woman, who by change of circumstances may be placed upon the auction-block, or himself. Is he not the mean Slave who takes such a base and cruel advantage of a noble but unenlightened conscientiousness? and is not the being whom he calls his Slave the free child of God?

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

## The Field.

### BY DANIEL RICKETSON.

I SEE a field before my view,

The harvest bending to the gale;

The laborers in that field are few,

But men who ne'er in duty fail.

I'd rather labor with that band,
An humble gleaner though it be,
Than feast within the Southron's land,
Bedecked with spoils of Slavery:—

Than sit in legislative hall,

The champion of its council-board,

Though listening, as my accents fall,

The heartless crowd my words should hoard.

Then with my sickle in my hand,
No more a gleaner let me be;
But working with that steadfast band,
Reap the white field of Liberty.

WOODLEE, NEW BEDFORD.

### Reminiscences.

MY FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH GARRISON AND ANTI-SLAVERY.

#### BY HENRY C. WRIGHT.

IN 1831, I was a settled Orthodox Congregational minister in West Newbury, Massachusetts. At that time I first heard the name of William Lloyd Garrison, through the Liberator—some numbers of which were sent to me. I read them, and my heart and my head said—"he is right." To turn man into a chattel, is a sin of unrivalled magnitude; and the church or the state that cannot exist, except by perpetrating this iniquity, must be wrong, and ought to be blotted out. I was strongly affected by his bold attacks

upon a Pro-Slavery Church and Clergy. My nature deeply sympathized with the daring reformer and rebuker of legalized, and baptized, and popular wickedness. While my sympathies, my conscience and reason said—"he is right," my position as a minister was against him. As a MAN, I felt that he was doing what all ought to do; but as a professional minister, I thought he had no business to assume the office of Reprover of the Church and Clergy, even if they did sanction Slavery.

I did not join with Mr. Garrison, nor seek his acquaintance. My position as a clergy-man forbade it. The priest hedged up the way of the man,—and the feelings and convictions that grew out of my position as a member of the great human family were overruled by my associations as a member of the priesthood and the church. I thought the church and priesthood must be sustained, whatever became of humanity. But I was 13\*

not happy. I knew I was wrong. My heart urged me, at once, to seek acquaintance with Mr. Garrison and to identify myself with him, but my position as a priest, — a position that ever has been and ever must be hostile to justice, truth and human brotherhood, — held me back for nearly four years.

In the meantime, I became an agent for the American Sunday School Union. This led me to pay particular attention to the moral, intellectual and social condition of the Slave States. I never addressed an audience on the subject of Sunday Schools without alluding to the condition of the Slaves and of society at the South. In this agency I travelled some eight thousand miles, and everywhere heard Mr. Garrison spoken of with great bitterness—especially among the clergy—and this only increased my desire to see and know him. I seldom met a minister who could speak of him without bitterness.

The spirit which was manifested towards him by the churches and clergy, went far to convince me that they were wrong and that he was right.

In 1834 I was living in Boston. The following year is memorable in the annals of American Anti-Slavery. George Thompson was with us, and helped to rouse the storm which in the autumn of that year threatened to overwhelm the Abolitionists. I had often seen Garrison in public meetings, but never had spoken to him. I had often heard him speak, and had read his writings, and my heart always responded to his appeals in behalf of the Slaves, and my nature always sympathized with his daring fidelity to humanity, and his stern rebukes of Slaveholders and their abettors.

But I was leagued with the clergy—met them often—heard them descant long, and frequently, and earnestly on the sins of Sab-

bath desecration, of non-attendance of meeting, of neglecting oral praying, infant baptism, and the communion. I often heard them designate Mr. Garrison as a low-born, lowbred, uneducated, obscure mechanic, who presumed to sit in judgment on the church and clergy - God's appointed agents - as they said, to save the world. Often did I hear these ministers of Boston gravely and earnestly discuss whether they should read notices of Anti-Slavery meetings - whether they should give their vestries to hold Anti-Slavery prayer-meetings - and all these discussions were interspersed with most bitter taunts against the Abolitionists for the fewness of their numbers and the obscurity of their position. These ministers themselves convinced me that they were just what Mr. Garrison declared them to be. I met with several of them once a week, and took notes of their sayings and doings - especially in

regard to Anti-Slavery and Abolitionists; and I felt that no men could be meaner, and more time-serving. Still, in me, the man was yet subservient to the priest—the priest was above the man - the shadow above the substance. I had long felt and advocated the truth - that institutions were for MEN, NOT MEN FOR INSTITUTIONS - but I did not see that my conduct, in standing aloof from Anti-Slavery and Garrison, to preserve my standing as a priest, was a refutation of this. At length my eyes were opened. I walked the streets of Boston - arm in arm with a colored woman, on an errand of kindness and mercy to the poor - never dreaming of what was to be the result. I finished my visit to the poor, and went to my boardinghouse. The storm began. I was told I had forfeited my standing in all respectable and Christian society. I was ridiculed and taunted by professed Christians. That moment settled my mind. Come what might, I determined to embrace the first opportunity publicly to identify myself with Mr. Garrison in the Anti-Slavery movement—and to be one with the Slaves and the colored people, and make their sorrows, tears and stripes, mine.

Soon after, during the night, a gallows was erected in front of Mr. Garrison's house, and on it, in the morning, were hanging, in effigy, himself and George Thompson. I heard of it—and went at once to call on Mr. Garrison and have an interview with him. I found him in the midst of his papers—making selections for the Liberator—calm and serene, as if nothing had happened. Our first interview was in reference to governments founded upon the right to shed human blood. From that day to this he has been to me as a brother, and whatever may be his theological opinions, while he shows by his works

that he is the friend of the oppressed and the enemy of all oppressors, I will love him and work with him.

Soon after, an opportunity was offered to present a Resolution on the character of a Pro-Slavery Church and Clergy—and to accompany it with remarks—on which occasion, in order that my position should be mistaken by none, I said, "I had identified myself with the American Slave—that I was the enemy of all who made merchandise of men or that connived at it—even by silence, and that I had swallowed and digested Thompson, Garrison, Liberator and all; and that Anti-Slavery had become an element of my social and spiritual being." From that period I have had no temptation to swerve.

From that time the hearts and houses of former friends were closed against me—all—except the hearts of the children with whom I had been associated. Every child's

heart is an Anti-Slavery heart. I came into a new world - I was born again. Old things passed away - all things became new - new friends and new associations were mine. I lost my standing as a minister - for that I cared not. I began to feel that I must give up my position as a priest, or give up my God and my humanity. I am convinced that the kingdom of heaven - which is the kingdom of Non-Resistance, of Anti-Slavery, of Teetotalism, and all practical reform, - has no enemy more malignant and more potent than a professional priesthood. I renounced a Pro-Slavery and War-making Church and Priesthood as the deadly enemies of God and man, and have not ceased to hold them up to the scorn and execration of mankind.

I was a minister to children in Boston at that time. I left them and became an Anti-Slavery agent to children. My last meeting with the Boston children with whom I had been associated, will never be obliterated from my heart. Dear, precious beings! they had indeed introduced me into the holy of holies of humanity. I loved all men the better for my intercourse with them. I did then feel and do still feel that there is more divinity—more of God—in the sweet affection, the unsuspecting confidence, the beaming eyes, the bounding step and merry laugh of a child, than in all the sermons, prayers, Sabbaths, ordinances, meetings, and consecrated temples of all the time-serving, slave-holding, war-making clergy and churches in the world.

My thanks will ever be due to Wm. Lloyd Garrison, and to the Anti-Slavery movement, for the benefits I have received from them. I have no apology to offer for my adhesion to Anti-Slavery, or for renouncing all allegiance to the United States Government, and seeking its overthrow. I glory in being an In-

FIDEL to the man-stealing, and man-killing religion of this nation. The God that sanctions Slavery and War is not my God, but is to me a demon of blood, a fiend of darkness. To such a God I must be an Atheist in order to be a Christian - as was Jesus and the Apostles to the gods of Greece and Rome. Anti-Slavery must triumph on the ruins of the churches, and priesthood, and government of this nation - for they are joined with the oppressor against the oppressed. They make man a victim to observances, to sacred times and places, to titles and institutions. I can never repay to the Anti-Slavery cause the good it has done to me. In this, tens of thousands will one day unite with me. They will heap blessings on a cause which has brought them out of the Pro-Slavery darkness of this land, into the light of Anti-Slavery.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

### Idiot Era.

### BY A "BACKWOODS GIRL."

To MRS. CHAPMAN: -

Dear, though (to me) unknown, lady: — Will you pardon the presumption of a poor (pecuniarily speaking) backwoods girl, in addressing you. If I had anything to give to the cause except the lines I snatched time to write, I would most gladly do it. I have never written for the press, and beg you to accept them if you deem them worthy of insertion in the "Liberty Bell." I would subscribe for it, but the only luxury I have ever been able to afford is paper. I hope you can read my writing, but my pen is bad, and I have nothing but an axe to mend it with.

Forgive the verdancy of this "first attempt" at satirizing, as I am not yet twenty. I am an eager reader of the accounts of the Annual Bazaar, in my (borrowed) Liberators, and have longed to send you some token of sympathy, if nothing more. After I finished "Idiot Era," it first occurred to me that you might think it worth putting in the Liberty Bell. If you do not, however, it is just as well,—act your pleasure about it.

E. C. W.

Hall! spiteful Muse of Byron, Pope, and Young,

Prompter of spiteful satires said and sung, -

I thee invoke! O! guide my spiteful pen,
To write most spitefully of idiot men.
But if thou wilt not answer to my call,
Nor light my cabin with thy torch at all,
I'll rhyme despite thee, since thou art so chary,
And be inspired by a dictionary—
Like the fair lady who admired the rows
Of words ranged neatly, that its lids enclose,—
As transcendental authors grasp each word
That seems tremendous ere 'tis fairly heard;
And give a passage to displeasing sense
In monstrous words,—inordinate, immense.

I know, a Doctor,\* of that numerous pack
Who dress their notions, like themselves, in
black,—

Says, "Woman's glory is to shine unknown;"

I seek not glory, and can't shine, I own;

But let my thoughts through hobbling verses reel,—

<sup>\*</sup> Dr. Young, in his "Love of Fame."

I'll bear the satires that such sat'rists deal:

For who can see the numerous host of ills

That swarm our Continent, like patent pills,

And be contented with a silent tongue,

That leaves them living, —yet alive, unsung?

Twice twelve long lines of preface are enough,—

Long as a hired journal's paid-for puff,
Or advertisement, paid for by the square,
Of Slaves escaped from "happiness" to care,
That make some editors a public curse,—
(The ready hirelings of each open purse,)
Who, statesman like, display their idiot dotage,
And sell their birthright for a mess of pottage!
Trust, statesman like, to those who trusts
betray,

Yield up their birthright, nor receive their pay.

Such thou, Gag-Atherton, the wise and great,
Thou recreant Yankee of the Granite State!—
14\*

Bend hither, now, thy lengthened, flexile ear,
A backwoods minstrel's wooden song to hear:
Hear how thou sold'st, at Giant Slavery's call,
Freedom's great birthright, — in our Congress
Hall, —

For a less price than Esau could afford!

The praise of tyrants is thy sole reward,

Except the title of intrinsic worth,—

Of dough-faced Traitor to thy native North!

Well, cram thy gag-rules into Congress' mouth,

And bow obsequious to the tyrant South;

Fawn on her now, her office-dregs to sip,—

That turn to wormwood on thy traitorous lip.

Behold! a Hammond to a Clarkson write,

To prove light darkness, and black darkness
light;—

Tell gross absurdities with solemn air,

That show a liar or an idiot there;

But still no traitor he,—he has not swerved

From the great Dagon that his father served.

Not so with Paulding, — giant expungee

Of lines, unfit for overseers to see, —

The "almighty dollar" glittered to his eyes —

He blots his satires to secure the prize;

Satires 'gainst Slavery blots, — expunges all,

And — gets an office from the Capitol!

How many a breather of ecstatic song,

That might lend voices to correct the wrong,

Has sold the halo from his poet's crown,

To gain a dollar, and avert a frown!

An endless portraiture I might unfold,
Of idiot Genius chasing after gold,
But turn to sing the volumes made to sell,
By one who never rightly learned to spell;\*
Whose nightmare dreams proved to his waking sight,

<sup>\*</sup> Mr. Priest is a notoriously bad speller; and when the truth of some of his Egyptian statements, in his "Origin of the Negro race," was challenged as disagreeing with Gliddon's reading of the hieroglyphics, he declared that no one had as yet read the hieroglyphics! He also says that he was an Abolitionist, until a dream convinced him of his error.

Freedom was wrong, and Slavery was right;
Time-serving Priest, the server of all time,—
Dabbler in Helicon and Deluge-slime;
Who writes of Egypt, with a knowing air,
And vows that Gliddon has read nothing there.
Thus proving, against proof, the Negro race
Black in their nature as they are in face!

Now, from another and a wider field,
Bristling with pens its infamy to shield,
I hail, to grace my fool-enamelled page,
The great prime Idiot of this idiot Age!—
Freighted with Negroes, wooing western gales,
For dank Liberia she spreads her sails;
For thirty years her millions has she spent,
While Press and Pulpit their assistance lent,
And has transported o'er the foaming waves,
The five days' increase of three million Slaves.
I leave to scholars of pro-slavery schools,—
To those who 're skilled in mathematic rules,
To tell the years that must expire, before

The last will tread on far Liberia's shore. Such thy philanthropists, besotted clime! Now let thy legislators grace my rhyme.

Behold! a dandy on a balanced chair,
Running his fingers through his flowing hair;
Burning tobacco spreads its fragrance sweet—
The table's humbled 'neath his booted feet:
The painted fire-board's roses blossom fair—
And each of spittle gets a plenteous share.
More rings the dandy's lily hands adorn,
Than you can count on aged Brindle's horn.
A shutter shakes,—O heedless wind! forbear!

Nor cause again the startled fop to swear;

Let him his duel for to-morrow scan,

As best becomes the valiant Congress-man;

While oft, at call of Honorable Dandy,

His slave presents him with a glass of brandy!

But not alone such idiots make the laws,

From which her breath the giant, Slavery,

draws;

The Arch-Magician from the Empire State,
While White-House vassals cleaned his golden
plate,

Loosened our blood-hounds on the Negro's track,

And sent our armies to persuade them back.

They chain the Indian, while his Negro wife
They take to Georgia as a Slave for life;
His banished nation, driven to exile, moans
Its native forests, and its fathers' bones.

A shattered remnant, on a stranger shore,
Must build their cabins, and "return no more!"—

Because the fugitive from wrong and toil
Sought an asylum on their Indian soil,
Weary, a stranger, and they took him in,—
And now they expiate their heathen sin!

When iron Henry, o'er the British realm,

Steered with red hand and blood-encrusted helm,—

When Popery's arm the bonds of conscience broke,

Reclaiming Heretics with fire and smoke,—
There rose a voice to plead the injured cause,
And beg protection of the tyrant laws;

- "Ho, to the Pillory!" each statesman cries,
- "Crop both his ears, and scourge him for his lies, —
- "On the broad palm of his seditious hand,
- "Impress a lesson with an iron brand:
- "'Sower of Sedition!' quick the initials press,

"And brand the Heretic with great S. S."

When turncoat Tyler caught, by accident,

Harrison's mantle in its far descent,

Some chattels, caused by Nature's whims to

be

Endowed with longings for their liberty,

Chanced to be caught (the idiotic elves,)

Trying to get possession of themselves;

On Slavery's blessings they had turned their back,

Helped by the captain of a cruising smack,

When Tyler's minion, from free Yankee

Maine,

Bound the sick captain with an iron chain,
And in the flesh of his Slave Stealing hand,
Impressed an S. S. with an iron brand!
Presses, that spoke of the intolerant reign
Of England's monarch, and his servile train,
In words indignant — now, with idiot sneer,
Hint at poor Walker, and with slavish fear
Of their great masters, south of Dixon's line,
Cant on of "masters' rights," with hypocritic
whine.

But when the judgment that the dreamer saw,\*

<sup>\*</sup> Voltaire, in his "vision," saw all the wrong-doers sent to the "universal mad-house, — the largest building imaginable."

Reigns over earth, and idiot earth-born law, — When maniacs have creation's mad-house filled,

A vast addition to its size they'll build;
With room enough within its bounds to hold
The swarm of idiots that grow fools for gold.
There, with no mischief for their hands to do,
Let them chase bubbles, and catch bubbles,
too!

CERESTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.

# Progress of free Principles in Congress.

BY J. R. GIDDINGS.

Ir will be the duty of the faithful historian to transmit to future generations the unwelcome truth that in the Congress of the United States the freedom of debate was stricken down in the year 1836: that for six years subsequently to that period the people of the Free States permitted their Representatives to sit in the councils of the nation upon terms of degrading inequality with those of the Slaveholding States. During that period no Northern member was permitted to give utterance to the honest sentiments of his heart, in regard to the "self-evident truths" on which our government was originally founded. The Slave-power reigned triumphant in the Hall

of Representatives, coercing the advocates of freedom to observe the most rigid silence.

While the present Executive, JAMES K. Polk, presided over the deliberations of the House of Representatives, the supercilious tyranny of the Southern Slave-driver was more perfectly displayed than at any other period. He permitted no speaker to allude disrespectfully to the institution of Slavery. If a member was so unfortunate as to refer to it in terms of unkindness, he was instantly ordered to his seat: yet the House had never adopted any express parliamentary rule to suppress discussion on that subject. The practice was entirely founded upon Slaveholding arrogance, aided by the long existing habit of Northern men to submit to Southern dictation. Such was the degradation of Northern sentiment at that time, that members from the Free States often courted Southern favor by calling to order the advocates of humanity, whenever they spoke irreverently of the "peculiar institution." Indeed the "gag-resolutions" of 1838 were introduced by a member from New Hampshire. But some Northern members were dissatisfied with this state of things, and held frequent consultations as to the best mode of emancipating their country from this political slavery.

In February, 1841, an effort was made to call the attention of the House to the fact that the then existing war with the Florida Indians had been brought upon the country by the exertions of the President to sustain the Slavery of the South. This took place, while a Northern member occupied the chair, in Committee of the whole House. A scene of great confusion and disorder ensued; but after some three hours time consumed in calls to order, and interruptions, the documentary evidence relating to the subject was laid before the House, and subsequently published. This

incidental attack upon "the patriarchal institution," created much uneasiness among the Slaveholders. They charged the Chairman with direliction of duty, in permitting the interests of Slavery to be thus collaterally assailed. The success of this attempt encouraged Northern members. They began to speak more freely and with less veneration of Southern oppression. Southern members became alarmed. Finding they could prevent the discussion of Slavery in no other way, they had recourse to threats, insults, and attempts at personal intimidation. But these expedients failed; and members from the Free States exhibited still more firmness and greater determination, until those from the Slave States finally yielded. Thus, after years of unremitting effort, the freedom of debate was regained.

While a few Northern members were thus laboring to relieve themselves and their 15\*

constituents from the restraints thrown around them by the vitiated state of Northern sentiment and Southern arrogance, they succeeded in effecting another reform, not less important, by preventing legislation for the direct support of Slavery. From the earliest history of Congressional legislation, that body had uniformly enacted any and all laws called for by the Slave interest. Even the territorial Slave Code of Florida, the most barbarous that ever disgraced a Christian government, was approved by a large majority of the House of Representatives. The Committee on Foreign Affairs, in 1841, made a report, threatening Great Britain with war, in consequence of the authorities in her West India Islands refusing to arrest, and deliver to our Slave-merchants, those human chattels who had gained their liberty by being shipwrecked on soil rendered free by British laws.

Our legislative documents exhibit the fact that a member from Connecticut, while chairman of an important committee, reported a bill, giving some five thousand dollars from the public treasury, as a bounty to those, who, twenty years previously, had murdered in cold blood some two hundred and seventy colored people residing on the Appalachicola river, in Florida, for no other crime than that of preferring freedom to bondage. The bill became a law, and the hard earnings of our Free Laborers were paid as a gratuity to those assassins of Southern Slaves.

As late as 1842, a distinguished member from New York, at the head of the Committee of Ways and Means, reported a bill directing the Treasurer of the United States to pay over certain monies, then in the treasury, to Southern Slave-dealers who had lost possession of their human cargoes by reason of being shipwrecked on a coast

uncursed by human bondage. The bill passed, under a silence imposed by the previous question; and Northern members sat in that Hall gravely legislating for the benefit of Slave-dealing miscreants who richly merited a halter at the hands of our Government. But the money was paid over to them, and justice still weeps unavenged. This was the last act of the kind which passed that body. The freedom of debate had been so far regained, that further legislation for the direct support of Slavery became impossible. When in 1843 a member from Ohio, as Chairman of the Committee on Territories, reported a bill to pay some sixty thousand dollars to individuals inhabiting West Florida, as a compensation for Slaves stolen from them in 1814. by the army under General Jackson, it was discussed, - and its character being made known, there were but thirty-six votes in favor of its passage.

Many other attempts of a like character also failed; the last of which was made by the Executive, at the late session of Congress. By the aid of his Cabinet, he endeavored to persuade that body to appropriate fifty thousand dollars as a compensation to the Spanish slave-merchants professing to own the human cargo on board the "Amistad," when she landed at New London. The Secretary of State sent a written communication to the Committee of "Ways and Means," urging the appropriation. He also appealed, in person, at the Capitol, and exerted his influence with his personal and political friends in favor of those piratical dealers in human flesh. When the question came up for discussion, the letter of the Secretary was read at the Clerk's table, and Mr. Adams rose to expose its misrepresentations. Feeble, and trembling with age, his voice was so weak that he could make himself heard only by those near

him; yet he was no sooner announced by the Chairman, than the members from all parts of the Hall gathered around, and, after listening to him some ten minutes, less than thirty were willing to vote for the measure; and when it came into the House, on the call of the ayes and noes, it was rejected by a majority of nearly four to one. I do not expect to see another attempt in Congress to legislate for the direct support of Slavery.

I have not time to speak of the suppression of the right of petition, and of the manner in which it was regained. The labors of Mr. Adams on this subject would furnish matter for an interesting volume. The attempt to expel him from his seat, for his faithful efforts to maintain the rights of the people, must be within the vivid recollection of every reader. His defence on that occasion presented one of the sublimest scenes ever witnessed in any legislative body. It was a glorious triumph

of truth over error and prejudice. But this part of my subject must be consigned to the pen of a more able historian. The labors of Mr. Adams were crowned with signal success. The right of petition was regained after eight years of unremitting toil. These facts distinctly mark the progress of free principles in the councils of our nation.

JEFFERSON, OHIO.

## An Extract.

### BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Force never yet gained one true victory:

The outward man, by pike and ball o'erargued,

Bends low his politic will; but still, within, The absolute Man, on whom the bases rest, Deep under-ground, of the infrangible State, Stands up defiant, plotting loyalty

To one poor banished, homeless, hunted thought,

The dethroned image of a native land.

Never was city-wall so strong as Peace;
This, founded sure on the soul's primitive rock,

Smiles back upon the baffled engineer;

The mine at its foundations tugs in vain;
An olive-wreath, stretched harmlessly across
Its open gates, enchants all enemies,
So that the trumpet baulks the knitted lips
That would have jarred it with the trampling charge,

And, hushing back its hoarse and quarrelsome voice,

Like a disbanded soldier when he sees

The nestled hamlet of his unstained youth,

With its slim steeple quivering in the sun,

Pipes with repentant note the gay recall.

What hath the conqueror for all his toil?

So many men from men turned murderers;

So many spoiled in the fierce apprenticeship;

So many sacred images of God,

Sons, fathers, brothers, husbands, trampled down

Into the red mud of the plashy field;
So many vultures gorged with human flesh;

So many widows made, so many orphans;
So many cinders for so many homes;
So many caps flung up as there are fools;
And, when his shattering and ungoverned course

Is run at length, he drops, a mass inert,

Like a spent cannon-ball which the child's

foot

Spurns at in play, — what further need of him?

Peace will not brook to have her snowy leaves

Turned rudely by those crimson-smutching thumbs;

The smooth civilian elbows him aside;
Like an old armor he is hung in the hall,
For idle men to count the dints upon,
A buttress for the spider's hanging-bridge.

And for his country what hath this man conquered?

A kindred people's everlasting hate,

The bloody drain of untamed provinces;

Those are ill crops whose sickle is the sword.

And for himself? I never heard that any

Dared knock at Heaven's gate with his reeking sword,

Or lift the next life's latch with bloody hands. The merry plough-boy whistling to his team, The noisy mason and the carpenter Efface the ruinous letters wherewith he Essayed to carve an everlasting name. The tyrannous lion preys upon the lamb; Men fear him and instal him king of beasts, Yet prize the wool above the ravening claws.

ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

## Annie Gray.

#### A TALE.

#### BY CAROLINE W. HEALEY DALL.

"His rest, his labor, pastime, strength and health,
Were only portions of his master's wealth;—
His love—O name not love—while men can doom
The fruit of love, to Slavery from the womb,"—Montgomeny.

"And what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head to think himself a man?"—COWPER.

On the finely macadamized road which leads from La Prairie to Montreal, a number of low stone cottages attract, by the quaintness of their aspect, the attention of the traveller. They seem to link America to the Old World, and prove that some few of her sons, at least, retained a love for its elder

cities. As one saunters along this road at night-fall, while the red sun still lingers in the west, many things conspire to remind him that he has passed the "line of the States;" first of all, the broad, low houses, - built of stone, and floored with clay, - with overhanging attics, without casements, protected only by large wooden shutters, until the season becomes severe; then, the crowds of foreign-looking inmates, the lazy and untidy thronging the doors in antique costume, or smoking under the stoop in bed-gowns of blue calico, quilted petticoats of white, stout shoes, and broad straw hats, - the men wearing closely fitting provincial caps, decorated with tassels of red or blue, according to the character of their ancestral blood. The active still lingered amid the harvest, even at the late autumn season in which our tale commences, fully bedecked with pipes and petti-But many a happy circle, in a more 16\*

fortunate interior, glistens with true English tidiness. The white-washed walls betray a love of cleanliness; which the trim children, the baby with its wide cap-border of snowy lace, clustering about the frugal board, - so tempting in its niceness to the tired passer-by - only confirm. A little further on, one detects many peculiarities, significant of the mixed races which inhabit the land, and the absence of district schools. The baker has painted over his door a most unnatural sheaf of wheat, and two crusty looking loaves, while the ale-house rejoices in a rough board, which, swinging to and fro, tempts its poor victim to a freshly tapped barrel, and a foaming glass.

Glad to find himself on ground which, if not wholly free, is certainly released from the fetters which bind his own soil, the American hardly remarks the many signs of slavery to sloth, to drinking, and the pipe, which painfully surround him. The sunny landscape, enlivened by groups of gaily dressed women, in the field, a thing unseen at home, cheats him into pleasant thoughts.

About a mile from La Prairie, he passes, on the right, a huge stone farm-house, of the olden sort. The eaves run back to the ground; heavy casements and broad shutters protect it from the winter winds. The enclosure seems neatly kept, and just above the ancient well-sweep, on which the large slow-growing lichens have kept a faithful tally of years, stands the stone crucifix. Beautiful symbol of a faith that he despises, it lifts itself up, with broad arms, to the height of twenty feet, enclosing in its bosom a timeworn shield - once a beautiful medallion recording the sufferings of our Lord. It was a fair superstition, he thinks, which thus united the living spring and the Rock of Ages; and while he bows his head, and the

now vanishing sun sends mellow gleams of light through oak and sumach and broad shadowy maples, suggesting pleasant dreams of the stained windows of those "prayers built into stone"—the once seen cathedrals of his father-land,—the vespers that his childhood whispered at his mother's knee, hallow afresh his heart and memory.

It was about four years ago that a traveller found himself aroused from such dreams by the coarse voice of a woman, who, as she closed the door of a small cottage on the other side of the dusty way, looked in at the window, saying, in French, "If your mother is'nt better by the midnight, Matty, you must come for me." We have always hated eaves-droppers, and have no desire to invest any such with the dignity of a hero. Our traveller was no philanthropist, but he was still young enough to be curious; and he crossed the road, to the cottage, towards

which these words had been directed; and, sheltered by a wide shutter, the projecting hedge, and deepening twilight, he gazed directly in. A neater room than ordinary met his view; and there was something tasteful in the arrangement of the white muslin curtains, about a bed which stood near the window, that at once directed his attention to "Matty's mother." A female, whose light olive skin, rendered uncommonly transparent by illness, contrasted painfully with large voluptuous eyes, and glossy curls of extreme length, lay stretched upon the white pillow. As he gazed, a sweet but startling voice said to the girl who bent over it, - " Matty, open the shutters, that I may once more see the fading light." The girl approached him, and with a vehemence which brought the prominent Roman features of the stranger into some danger, threw back the shutter, and turned again to the bedside.

Rapid as her movements were, the traveller read in features very unlike her mother's, (a plain but animated countenance and a somewhat awkward frame,) the history of a heart and head such as he had seldom met in one like her, indisputably of African blood.

What was it in the face of the girl, in the voice of the mother, that startled him with by-gone memories? But he came here to listen. "Matty," said the invalid, with a faltering voice, "I have always told you, that, at the last hour, you should know your mother's entire history. I have no longer the right to keep it back. It has been, alas! simply from the fear of agitating you with its horrors, that the communication has been so long delayed. Matty, your mother was a Slave!"

"I guessed it, mother," said the girl, "I guessed it, when I saw you rise from your

sick bed, with kindling eyes, to shelter a poor fugitive."

"I would have laid down my life for her." said the invalid earnestly; "but listen, for my breath is short. I was born on a retired plantation in Westmoreland county, Virginia, within a short distance of the spot where the great Washington first saw the light. My mother I never knew. For the offence of giving me birth, she was exiled from her home. My father, it was said, was the favorite son of the old lady whom I remember as my first mistress. Mrs. Elsie Gray was wealthy, generous, and aristocratic. Her property, at her death, which occurred when I was about six years old, chiefly devolved upon my father; but for a reason which I can easily guess, she did not choose to entrust me to his care. I was bright, and, Matty, -I hope that there is no harm in saying it now, - I was very beautiful. I had become

a favorite; and to her only other grand-child and namesake, a girl about my own age, I was consigned, in an affectionate letter. I saw that letter many years afterwards, and I cannot forget that the old lady entreated her dear Elsie to shield me from what she termed the dangers that had menaced my mother: and to keep me, through life, carefully by her side. It was owing, however, to the indolence of my new mistress, who resided in the city of Georgetown, rather than to the old lady's recommendation, that I received an excellent education. I was expected to amuse and occupy my young mistress; and when she was too wilful to study, I learned her tasks and taught them to her by various devices. I slept on a trundle-bed at her side -she could never bear me out of her sightand as we grew older I read aloud to her, while she was seated at her embroidery, or pursued the quiet occupations of her

station. My father died soon after Madam Gray, and the estate passed into the hands of Elsie's parents. For a number of years, we passed our summers in Westmoreland; and groups of gay friends often accompanied us. These were our most precious years of unfolding womanhood; they were spent in reading, in light employments, and the joyous relaxations suiting our age. Rapidly as Elsie had unfolded in beauty, and many as were her admirers, there were not wanting those among them who had dared to whisper that I was the lovelier; and I knew that it was true. You cannot conceive, dear Matty, all that I suffered at such hours. In the city, I was always in attendance on my mistress, unless, indeed, at the private festival, - but it was always with her hat or shawl hanging on my arm, and in a position which betokened my dependence; but in lonely Westmoreland such distinctions were not possible. In our

rural festivities all depended upon my wit my taste, and above all, my activity. I was in constant requisition; and so cultivated was my mind, and so fair my face, - for one of African blood, - that twice, dear Matty, I listened to words of affection from one who fancied himself my equal, and answered them with these few words, - 'I am a Slave.' The first time, I can truly say, the words gave me no pain, save that which followed in the consciousness of my unprotected position, of the impossibility of my ever marrying, in a manner that would satisfy at once myself and others. But painful as these thoughts were, they were soon banished by Elsie's affectionate care, and her childish promises that her home should always be mine. I had been named for a great-zunt of Elsie's, and was familiarly known as Annie Gray.

"It is the custom of some Slaveholders to give their own surnames to their Slaves, and

where we were known, this excited no surprise; but in Westmoreland it occasioned awkward mistakes. Among the summers that we passed there, the last two will ever remain impressed upon my mind. They were the last before my Elsie was married. There went with us, at these times, but two friends. One was a gay and dissipated man, named Meredith - my future master; the other, a distant connexion of Elsie's, from the North, - one who had been abroad, who had seen Wilberforce and Clarkson, who was the pupil of Channing. Until he came among us I knew little of Slavery, - but he expounded it; he set it before us in its true light; he pleaded against it; and in our hours of leisure he read to us from the books which he most valued. Under his influence my mind and heart expanded; a great change worked itself within me; I interested myself in the other Slaves; I tried to teach them; I talked to

them of freedom, when now, for the first time, I understood it. My mistress liked to listen to him, for he was handsome and eloquent; and Meredith delighted to 'cut him up' for her amusement. He could not but feel my quiet sympathy; and though few were the words exchanged between us, we well understood each other. I never thought of loving him, — for I felt that I was not his mate; but he, — he met me at the table, at the fireside, and on the green sward. He little dreamt of what I knew.

"I have told you, that the first time I confessed my situation to one thus deceived, it gave me little pain; but the second,—I thank God that he did not require me to inflict all I then suffered, on myself!—the words came from Elsie's lips. It was at the close of our second summer, together,—a few weeks before Elsie's marriage. We were about returning to the city, and had gone in

playful pilgrimage to the spot where Washington was born. Elsie gathered fig-leaves from a few venerable stumps, as we sat gazing at the lonely chimney which marks the site of his early home. Arthur rallied her on her inconsistency, spoke of the Slaves, and of the great beauty and distinguished ability of some. 'With all your chivalry,' exclaimed Elsie, 'I do not believe that you have ever guessed our Annie to be a Slave!'

"I sat at some distance, and my back was turned; but I could hear the husky voice, with which he asked, 'But she is surely your cousin, Elsie?'

"'Ask Meredith,' was her only reply.

"'No,' said Meredith, 'we do not believe that old story; she is only a Slave. To be sure Elsie's mother thinks that the old lady intended to free her, but she died before her letter was finished. So much the better for us. The said letter is the greatest gem in the old lady's casket.'

"'But you, - surely you will emancipate her?' urged Arthur, turning to Elsie.

"'That will be as Meredith says;' she answered, laughing.

"I heard their retreating footsteps, but I did not know all that I endured until some hours after, when I found Arthur bathing my forehead in spring-water, and read, in his pale face, his apprehensions for me. He staid but a moment after I was restored, and it was to utter, in a voice which he vainly strove to render steady, these few words,—
'Find that letter, see if what they have told me is true,—then, fly with the rising sun. You know your route.' He pointed to the north, dropped a purse at my feet, and was gone.

"Often had I held within my hand, as I replaced Elsie's jewels, the precious letter

of whose character I was so ignorant. This night, ere I retired, I did not hesitate to conceal it in my bosom. I knew that Elsie had not looked at it for many years. I saw that the paper was rudely and freshly torn, but I was not prepared for the loving words I found within. I no longer doubted that freedom should have been mine, and I believed that Meredith stood between me and it. A Slave, then, I must ever be. I never saw Arthur again. In the morning Elsie learned that he had gone; and I pined in silence, for I knew too little of the world to follow his advice. I doubted not that the letter which had been so carelessly kept had contained either an express provision for my freedom, or a declaration of intentions equivalent to this. Why Meredith had destroyed it, I was too soon to know. Often I wandered alone over the beautiful heights, and under the warm sunshine gazed down

upon the blue Potomac, the broad and fruitful vineyards of the Jesuits, and the roseencircled dwellings of our friends; and, while my heart swelled, and my mind aspired, I asked of God—if I alone were created in vain!

"Elsie was married. Up to this time my duties had been nominal, but we now removed to a place of Meredith's, called Northwood, in South Carolina. Here I was entrusted with the duties of a housekeeper, and expected to confine myself to them. If I appeared at table, it was only to carve or to make tea; and when, a short time after, Meredith persecuted me with his dishonorable addresses, I no longer wondered that Elsie was dispirited, indifferent, and every way unlike her former self. Meredith threatened to be revenged upon me for my severity, and he kept his word. He knew that he was in my power; and soon after the birth of his first

child, while Elsie was too feeble to dispute his will, he insisted on my marriage. God grant, dear Matty, that you may never know the agony I experienced at this prospect; I, whose heart was full of the absent Arthur, - who would rather have died than have brought a Slave into the world, and who could look for no union which would not bind me to ignorance, brutality, or irreligious coarseness! God had mercy upon me, however. I was united by Meredith's command, and the aid of a clergyman, (may Heaven have mercy on him also,) to one of the upper field-hands. With a malice well worthy of him, Meredith had, as he thought, selected one of the coarsest and least desirable men on the estate; but I soon learned to estimate a noble nature in my husband. He devoted himself to books, and in about a fortnight mastered the alphabet. I did not conceal from him the state of my own feelings, and I

successfully strove to indoctrinate him into Arthur's sentiments. At the end of six weeks he disappeared, leaving me no clue as to his object, or the direction he had taken. But I did not misunderstand him. I knew that he was a free man, a hired hand, and that he was too proud of his wife to wish her to continue a Slave. The light in my eye filled Meredith with rage. For the first time I was whipped, -not severely, -for Elsie interceded for me with tears, and I could not tell what I did not know. I was then closely catechized as to the condition in which I had been left; and when I declared that I had no prospect of becoming a mother, I was told that if nothing was heard from my husband by the close of another six weeks, I must prepare myself again to be a wife. Distasteful as my marriage had been, my husband's nobleness toward me had entirely won my regard, and this declaration threw me into despair. Had I been a quarter Slave, I should have made my escape; but brought up in luxury with Elsie, I must have died ere I reached a free State. A few days of agony converted my despair into a fever on the brain. How long it lasted, I know not, but I was dragged from my bed to the altar; and, Matty, can you belive me—the same clergyman united me again to my master's steward! I felt all the profanation of the rite, but I was both too feeble and too bewildered to resist.

I would speak of this man with all respect, for he was your father, Matty; but he was both coarse in manner, and brutal in mind. He did not imitate the forbearance of my first husband; and in a few months, I became conscious of your existence. Since my marriage, Elsie had never dared to meet my eye; but she now sent me some delicate clothing for my unborn babe, by the woman

who had charge of her own. I melted into tears; and to this, I believe, I owe the preservation of my reason. In the afternoon of this day a pedlar approached the plantation; and while he rested at the door of my cottage. the Slaves crowded about him. As they made their gay selections of trinkets and beads, he threw a significant glance at me, saving,-'Here is a box of soap, which you will like better.' Unwarned as I was, God alone could have inspired me with the presence of mind to conceal it, until his departure. It contained a message from my absent husband, and filled me with conflicting emotions. It enclosed five hundred dollars, which I was to leave in a farewell letter to Elsie, as the price of my body, and then, if I chose, I might fly with the still untouched sum which Arthur had left me, or join him and his fortunes at a short distance from the plantation. I could not love my second husband,

but was it not my duty to remain with him until I could give him his unborn child? I debated, until I remembered that this child would be a Slave, — perhaps a daughter, — and horror-struck at the thought, I hurried my preparations for my departure. I left a letter full of tenderness and reproaches for Elsie. I took with me her last gift, and rejoined my preserver. Under sufferings and fatigues, which accelerated your birth, we escaped to this place, where we have lived ever since.

"In your infancy, dear Matty, you so resembled your father, that I could not bear to look at you; and it was then, that I was fully made to realize how far your adopted father's heart exceeded mine in holiness. 'Annie,' he said, 'if this soul must be born, you ought to be thankful that it was born to you, and not to another, — born a free woman, and not a Slave.' And from him, I learnt to love you, as you have always deserved."

The girl's breast heaved. Tears had been raining from her eyes,—she clasped her hands, and lifting them toward heaven, let loose her smothered ire in these words—"O God! let me pursue them to their death!"

"Matty," said her mother, mournfully, "that is the prayer of a Slave. I expect from you the prayer of one whom Christ has made free."

At this moment a tall, sad-looking Negro, with a noble expression, entered the room. He bent and kissed the wife's forehead, and laid his hand on the head of the child. "Be what he has been and is," said the wife in a clear and loving tone, as she gazed into his face, "and I doubt not, Matty, we shall know each other in heaven!" \* \* \*

In the darkness of the night the traveller walked away, but the tears were fast rolling over his cheeks. By the light which streamed from a neighboring window, he looked at and kissed a dried flower, which he took from his pocket-book. "She is but thirty now," he said aloud, "and she was but fifteen when she spoke to me those bitter words! I was her first suitor." \* \* \*

Two days afterwards, an humble funeral proceeded from the little cottage, to the English burial-ground; and at night-fall, the father and daughter might have been seen in the deserted room, reading, from one Bible, words which illuminated their countenances with divine trust.

The main incidents of the above story are given as facts which came to the author's personal knowledge. She believes the strongest argument against this vile institution, to be a frank statement of its actual results—its revolting but inevitable facts.

EAST NEEDHAM, MASSACHUSETTS.

# Song.

### BY MARIA LOWELL.

On bird, thou dartest to the sun

When morning beams first spring,

And I, like thee, would swiftly run,

As sweetly would I sing;

Thy burning heart doth draw thee up

Unto the source of fire,

Thou drinkest from its glowing cup,

And quenchest thy desire.

Oh dew, thou droppest soft below

And pearlest all the ground,

Yet, when the morning comes, I know
Thou never canst be found;

I would like thine had been my birth,
Then I, without a sigh,

Might sleep the night through on the earth To waken in the sky.

Oh clouds, ye little tender sheep,
Pastured in fields of blue,
While moon and stars your fold can keep
And gently shepherd you,—
Let me, too, follow in the train
That flocks across the night,
Or lingers on the open plain
With new-shorn fleeces white.

Oh singing winds, that wander far,
Yet always seem at home,
And freely play 'twixt star and star
Along the bending dome,
I often listen to your song,
Yet never hear you say
One word of all the happy worlds
That shine so far away.

18\*

For they are free, ye all are free,
And bird, and dew, and light,
Can dart upon the azure sea
And leave me to my night;
Oh would like theirs had been my birth,
Then I, without a sigh,
Might sleep this night through on the earth
To waken in the sky.

ELMWOOD, CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

# Incidents in the Life of an Anti-Slavery Agent.

#### BY PARKER PILLSBURY.

Few persons have any just conception of the trials and sacrifices incident to the settlement of a new State. To be understood, they must be met in actual encounter.

To besiege and subdue a moral wilderness is accompanied with still severer endurances. A sketch, from my Note-Book, may afford a faint idea of some of them. It describes no murderous mob, but only scenes of every week's occurrence.

It was in the forenoon of a cold cloudy day in November, in the year 1842, the wind at north-east,—and prophesying an autumnal snow-storm,—that I entered a small village in one of the back towns in New England. The village consisted of a number of indifferent houses, dropped irregularly on a long street, which widened at the western end into a broad green. Surrounding this, and on it, stood a gun-house and liberty-pole, the town-pound, an academy, and two meetinghouses, besides the hearse-house over at the north, by the grave-yard gate. On either side of the street stood a grizzly-looking tavern, with a well-stocked bar, - the patron saint of patriotism and pro-slavery. A few consumptive maples adorned the village, - planted hardly within hailing distance of each other, and at this season, undrest of their foliage, standing as rude organs, on which the mournful east wind played the funeral dirge of departed summer.

With my valise and umbrella I had walked several miles that morning, over rough and hilly roads, and was in a condition of both

mind and body, to need a very different reception from that which awaited me. Nor had I vet forgotten the adventures of the preceding night, passed at one of those wretched country caravansaries, known by the name of "Meadow Hay Taverns." The surly landlord wanted my change, doubtless, (the Whig doctrine of paper currency being at that time no part of my practical griefs,) but he dreaded the effect of patronage so dark colored as mine, on the reputation of his house; a foresight that I could not but approve, in his particular case. He finally consented to keep me, which he certainly could do, without inconvenience to other customers; the house being, that night, as usual, without them.

I was left to sit alone, to eat alone, and to sleep alone. This had been no cause of complaint, only that my parlor had neither fire nor furniture; the table was almost without food, and the bed without comfort or clothing. On retiring, I had the precaution, before undressing, to examine the bed. The net-work of the cord had on it a slight layer of straw and feathers, that appeared to have seen much service. The sheets, — but I forbear. I opened them, and closed them, as I now do this description of them, forever. I had drawn their character, but with loathing and disgust I dashed it out. They gave me another bed.

Such a night, and my long walk that morning, had not, I confess, schooled me into the most felicitous frame of mind for worse encounters. Depositing my luggage in the best looking tavern, I went to the Post Office, and asked whether any one in town took the Liberator, or Herald of Freedom. There was one, only, —a subscriber to the Herald, —but they said he lived three miles off, was very poor, and without influence, —a

common description of Abolitionists, at that period.

I next called on the Orthodox minister, and respectfully solicited his cooperation in an Anti-Slavery lecture. He answered me, as gruffly as any savage,—"I have heard of you, and want nothing to do with you;" at the same time violently seizing his pen, and resuming his writing. I said, "Will you consent that your vestry be opened for a meeting?" "I am writing a lecture," he indignantly exclaimed, "for the young people, on the existence of a God, and wish not to be disturbed by your further impertinence."

The Baptist minister was absent, but the tones and looks of his family, when I called on them, were fearfully instructive. My stay there could not well have been shorter.

I applied to the committees of both meeting-houses, — but it was in vain. For schoolhouses, I succeeded no better. The tavern halls were also denied; though one landlord cursed the bigotry of the church committees, in no measured terms. They had censured him for selling ardent spirits.

By this time it was long after noon, and I had taken neither breakfast nor dinner through the day. The wind was howling mournfully among the leafless trees, the two meeting-houses seemed to be scowling at me, the pound and gun-house grinned in derision, and the lank liberty-pole looked down and laughed. Fatigued, hungry, home-sick and sad, there I stood, like a new settler, surrounded by devouring wolves, - my nearest neighbor full ten miles off. I was about to surrender in despair, when a rough and shaggy specimen of the mountaineers hailed me, with "Hey there, you nigger-man, got a place for a meet'n yet?" I told him, none. "Well," said he, "there's that are old shop'll hold all you'll get out on this ere Abolition business. You're welcome to that; and if the mob tears it down, why d—n 'em, let 'em tear. It'll save me the trouble, for it's got to come down next spring, if it do n't afore."

I accepted his rude offer, with a bounding heart, and immediately posted some printed notices which I had in my valise, in every conspicuous place in the village. Almost as fast as they were put up they were torn down, but the tidings flew as on the wings of the wind.

For sixpence I next filled my pockets with raisins and biscuits at a neighboring shop, and took possession of my building. I piled its ample stone fire-place with wood, and kindled a fire. I breakfasted and dined on the contents of my pockets, and then commenced my preparations for the evening. I procured a pound or two of tallow candles, and a few large potatoes, (a pile of which lay in my meeting-house,) cut in halves and

drilled, composed my candlesticks. Boxes, benches and rough boards, furnished me with seats, and a corner by the fire-place was my pulpit; and, by the time my arrangements were completed, the people began to assemble.

The house was filled with men and boys, some smoking pipes, some cigars, and the rest chewing tobacco,—all laboring in their respective vocations most industriously. The greater part heard with respectful attention, some even taking kindly part in the discussion. A few raged and swore at my doctrines, but more complained of the barbarous treatment I had received at the hands of the church and ministry.

At the close, I was invited by the only Abolitionist present, to accompany him home. He lived three miles off, and owning no horse, was there on foot. The clouds had all passed away, the moon shone brightly, but

the wind had changed to the north-west, and it was piercing cold. We scampered over the three miles in little more than half an hour. The house stood on a high hill, facing the west,—a very old two story structure,—and glass was a luxury of which the chamber windows had never boasted. Indeed, bundles of old rags, and the remnants of last year's palm-leaf hats, in the lower windows, "stopped many a hole, to keep the wind away." Clapboards were a superfluity not indulged in, and the feather-edged boarding was fast "dissolving the union" with the rotten timbers beneath.

There was no yard about the house, nor a tree to shade it in summer, or break off the wind in winter. Green brush and decayed stumps composed the wood-pile. We entered by the front door, over a broad flat stone, into the room where the family lived, and where the wife and sundry children were already in bed. A light was struck, but it was too late to think of a fire, and so I hurried away, sick and supperless, to my room.

The north front room was assigned to me. The doors were all loose, the windows rattled, and their scanty white curtains waved in the wind. A huge chimney shot away towards the sky, through which whole yards of the milky-way might be seen, and which, had it been set with appropriate lenses, would have rivalled Hershell's telescope. In that room, on that night, it certainly was not needed for purposes of ventilation.

The bed was harder than a mattress, though it was not a mattress. The top-covering was of copper-plate, that shone in the moonbeams like a pond of ice; and to dive under it, was to me, almost as great a suicide as if it had been one. The house afforded but one candle, and so my excellent friend

waited until I was disposed into bed, and then took it away; wishing me a good night,—to which I responded, amen,—although I thought he must have prayed with far more fervor than faith.

Sleeping, sickness, and shivering, at length brought me to the morning. I dressed, and went into the kitchen to wash. The water was in a milk-pan that stood on a rough wood box, and the towel indicated the close of the week. The sorry fact was, the mistress of the mansion was most unfortunately organized. The children were numerous, but unwashed and uncombed, inwardly and outwardly. The cooking was sadly defective. Perhaps fasting one day more, might have led me to judge more charitably; but as it was, I was in little danger of eating to repletion. Some kind of meat was fried in a spider on the coals and ashes. When it was cooked, and the table was spread, the spider was removed to it, and

occupied the place of a platter, and with the addition of a rusty iron spoon, of gravy tureen to boot. Nor was the table-linen so white as to suffer the least inconvenience from so close contact with the feet of its sooty neighbor. Indeed it would have been difficult to decide, which was best entitled to be afflicted with that fashionable disease,—" prejudice against color."

I need add nothing relative to the breakfast accompaniments. I hastened away, sad at the condition of my kind-hearted friend and his family. He was an excellent man, and a true Abolitionist; happy and patient under circumstances at which I almost wept. Two years afterward he sickened and died, and his family removed to a distant State.

Such is but a specimen of much of the experience of those Anti-Slavery Agents who were early in the field. They have endured trials known only to themselves. Self-cruci-

fixion, neglect and poverty, attended them at every step.

One word more about my meeting. It was the beginning of good days in that town. I have often been there since, and been welcomed to the generous hospitalities of the best families in the village. County conventions have been held there since, attended and addressed by the most distinguished advocates — both editors and orators — in the cause. But they little knew what it cost to lay the foundation of the Anti-Slavery structure they so nobly builded.

CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

## The Lord's Prager.

BY BENJAMIN S. JONES.

I.

OUR FATHER! by that hallowed name
Which tells of thy parental care,
A father's blessing we would claim,
A father's love and kindness share.
With golden cords of mutual love
Thy childrens' hearts more closely bind,
And every erring thought reprove,
And purify each selfish mind,
Till all shall truly worship thee,
Thou bounteous source of every good,
And in thy human image see
The token of man's brotherhood.

II.

Father! who art in Heaven above,
The dwelling of the just and pure,
Where the still waters gently move
And pastures green for aye endure,
Look on us from thy bright abode
And listen to our humble prayer;
For art thou not our Father—God,
And we the children of thy care?
Though in the heavens thy throne is set,
Where angels thy dominion own,
Upon the earth remaineth yet
The presence of the Holy One.

III.

Our Father, HALLOWED BE THY NAME!

And teach us so to reverence thee,

That none from us shall vainly claim

A brother's love and sympathy.

When Tyranny's usurped control

Shall brutify the human mind,

Shall cast her fetters on the soul

And in her chains thy image bind;

In faith and wisdom make us strong,

That we may set our brother free,

And by our stern rebuke of wrong

Thy glorious name shall hallowed be.

#### IV.

And grant us that THY KINGDOM COME,
That all of earth's contentions cease;
And make our world a fitting home
For Love, and Purity, and Peace.
No longer let the lust of gold
Chill the warm current of the heart,
And crush beneath its serpent-fold
The promptings of our better part:
But teach us, Father, to revere
The Good, the Beautiful, the Right,
That we may build a kingdom here
Perfect and glorious in thy sight.

v.

And, Father, may THY WILL BE DONE
ON EARTH AS IT IS DONE IN HEAVEN;
And unto thee, the Holy One,
Be every heart sincerely given.
Where Bigotry enshrouds in gloom
The god-like attributes of mind,
And Vice and Error, in the tomb
Of living death their victims bind,
Come in thy power, and let the might
Of Love and Truth the captives free,
And place them in the radiant light
Of thy resplendent liberty.

VI.

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD,
As thou the Israelitish band
With manna in the desert fed,
When journeying to the promised land.
We ate the bitter fruit of Wrong,
And tasted of Guilt's poisoned springs,

But now, O Father, greatly long
To have the gift of better things.
Our souls would ask of thee to give
That bread which can the soul sustain;
So they who live may ever live,
And they who die may live again.

#### VII.

Forgive our debts, as we forgive
Our debtors, Lord, we ask of thee;
And may our hearts in faith receive
That perfect love which maketh free.
That love which claimeth not its own,
Is merciful and suffereth long,
Whose power and gentleness is shown
In peaceful triumph over wrong.
We ask thee not for prison cells,
For heavy chains or hangman's cord;
No Christian love with torture dwells,
No kindness with a bitter word.

VII.

And, gracious Parent, LEAD US NOT
INTO TEMPTATION, but restrain
With tender care each wandering thought
And bring it home to thee again.
To proud Ambition's giddy height,
In Mammon's dark and grovelling ways,
Or where Fame's bright, deceptive light
With ignis fatuus lustre plays,
Oh, lead us not. We would be kept
In holy peace and Christian love,
With not a cloud to intercept
Our vision of the world above.

IX.

But—in our weakness we would pray—
Deliver us from evil, Lord!
Guide us in Wisdom's pleasant way,
And be our constant watch and ward.
When Error comes in robes of light,
With hypocritic word and smile,

And heart as black as darkest night
And full of bitterness and guile;
Strip off the garb of sanctity
Which makes the demon seem so fair,
That every soul may know and see
The tempter's form and presence there.

X.

And glory, and shall be forever.

The history of each passing hour

Proclaimeth Truth was vanquished never,

And, though at times our faith is dim,

We know thy kingdom is advancing;

We hear the song of seraphim,

And see their snowy pinions glancing.

And oh, we long for that bright day

When Eden-innocence again

Shall hold on earth her peaceful sway,

And all the nations shout, Amen!

SALEM, OHIO.

## The American Slave-Trade.

BY WILLIAM WELLS BROWN.

OF the many features which American Slavery presents, the most cruel is that of the Slave-trade. A traffic in the bodies and souls of native-born Americans, is carried on in the Slave-holding States to an extent little dreamed of by the great mass of the people in the non-Slave-holding States. The precise number of Slaves, carried from the Slave-raising to the Slave-consuming States, we have no means of knowing. But it must be very great, as forty thousand were sold and carried out of the State of Virginia, in one single year!

This heart-rending and cruel traffic is not confined to any particular class of persons. No person forfeits his or her character or standing in society by being engaged in raising and selling Slaves to supply the cotton, sugar, and rice plantations of the South. Few persons who have visited the Slave States, have not, on their return, told of the gangs of Slaves they had seen on their way to the Southern market. This trade presents some of the most revolting and atrocious scenes which can be imagined. Slave-prisons, Slave-auctions, hand-cuffs, whips, chains, blood-hounds, and other instruments of cruelty, are part of the furniture which belongs to the American Slave-trade. It is enough to make humanity bleed at every pore, to see these implements of torture.

Known to God, only, is the amount of human agony and suffering which sends its cry from these Slave-prisons, unheard or unheeded by man, up to His ear: mothers, weeping for their children,—breaking the

night-silence with the shrieks of their breaking hearts. We wish no human being to experience emotions of needless pain, but we do wish that every man, woman and child, in New England, could visit a Southern Slaveprison and auction-stand.

I shall never forget a scene which took place in the city of St. Louis, while I was in Slavery. A man and his wife, both Slaves, were brought from the country to the city, for sale. They were taken to the rooms of Austin & Savage, Auctioneers. Several Slave-speculators, who are always to be found at auctions where Slaves are to be sold, were present. The man was first put up, and sold to the highest bidder. The wife was next ordered to ascend the platform. I was present. She slowly obeyed the order. The auctioneer commenced, and soon several hundred dollars were bid. My eyes were intensely fixed on the face of the woman,

whose cheeks were wet with tears. But a conversation between the Slave and his new master attracted my attention. I drew near them to listen. The Slave was begging his new master to purchase his wife. Said he, "Master, if you will only buy Fanny, I know you will get the worth of your money. She is a good cook, a good washer, and her last mistress liked her very much. If you will only buy her how happy I shall be." The new master replied that he did not want her, but if she sold cheap he would purchase her. I watched the countenance of the man while the different persons were bidding on his wife. When his new master bid on his wife you could see the smile upon his countenance, and the tears stop; but as soon as another would bid, you could see the countenance change and the tears start afresh. From this change of countenance one could see the workings of the inmost soul. But this sus-

pense did not last long; the wife was struck off to the highest bidder, who proved not to be the owner of her husband. As soon as they became aware that they were to be separated. they both burst into tears; and as she descended from the auction-stand, the husband walking up to her, and taking her by the hand, said, "Well, Fanny, we are to part forever, on earth; you have been a good wife to me. I did all that I could to get my new master to buy you; but he did not want you, and all I have to say is, I hope you will try to meet me in heaven. I shall try to meet you there." The wife made no reply, but her sobs and cries told, too well, her own feelings. I saw the countenances of a number of whites, who were present, and whose eyes were dim with tears, at hearing the man bid his wife farewell.

Such are but common occurrences in the Slave States. At these auction-stands, bones, muscles, sinews, blood and nerves, of human beings, are sold, with as much indifference, as a farmer in the North sells a horse or sheep. And this great American nation is, at the present time, engaged in the Slave-trade. I have before me now the Washington "Union," the organ of the Government, in which I find an advertisement of several Slaves to be sold for the benefit of the Government. They will, in all human probability, find homes among the rice-swamps of Georgia, or the cane-brakes of Mississippi.

With every disposition on the part of those who are engaged in it, to veil the truth, certain facts have, from time to time, transpired, sufficient to show, if not the full amount of the evil, at least that it is one of prodigious magnitude. And what is more to be wondered at, is the fact that the greatest Slave-market is to be found at the capital of the country! The American Slave-trader

marches by the capitol with his "coffle-gang,"
— the stars and stripes waving over their
heads, and the Constitution of the United
States in his pocket.

The Alexandria Gazette, speaking of the Slave-trade at the capitol, says, "Here you may behold fathers and brothers leaving behind them the dearest objects of affection, and moving slowly along in the mute agony of despair; there, the young mother, sobbing over the infant whose innocent smile seems but to increase her misery. From some you will hear the burst of bitter lamentation, while from others, the loud hysteric laugh breaks forth, denoting still deeper agony. Such is but a faint picture of the American Slave-Trade.

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

# Offerings of English Women

FROM THE OLD WORLD TO THE NEW.

### BY MARY CARPENTER.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me,"

Offerings we bring to thee, America!

Offerings of deepest love and tenderness,

Such as of old the lowly Mary bore,

To anoint her Saviour's feet. Not precious these,

Like hers, of costly alabaster wrought,

And filled with odorous perfumes, offerings
rich

To sordid eyes,—to hers most valueless
When measured with her love. Yet fragrant
ours

With incense of full many a loving heart,

And rich in patient striving, to bestow

An earnest of its sympathy. These webs

Were framed by dying hands; the spirit longed

Ere summoned to its home, to leave a pledge Of how she loved her Lord, and spent long hours,

Weak, fainting, suffering hours, in weaving these.

The young have offered up their time of sport,

Their cherished playthings, and their infant hearts

Have glowed with purest joy in bringing them.

The old have given their days of restful ease,

And hallowed their small offerings by their prayers.

The rich have brought their gold in humble love;

The poor their toil, with warm and ardent zeal.

The pencil's art has traced its fairest lines,

To figure forth, in Nature's loveliest scenes,

The deep thoughts of the heart that prompted

it.

And last, not least, this lowly little one
Has craved a humble place for her poor gift,
The work of her small hands,—'t is all she
has;—

These bring we, as to our dear Saviour's feet,

Each one what best we could;—he loves
the gifts

Made to his meanest brethren, — heirs with him

Of all the glories of immortal life.

And we would help to set the bondman free,

To heal the wounded heart;—to raise thy

sons,

Thy sons of darkened hue, whose souls are fair,

And kindled like thine own with God's pure breath,

To their first glorious heritage,—as men!

O hear the prayers of Woman! blame us not

That from our homes we lift our earnest

voice;—

Say not we trouble thee with these our cries. Have we not listened to our Saviour's words, And sat with loving reverence at his feet, To drink his spirit in? Have we not watched His looks of tenderness to the despised, And loved them for his sake? And shall we now

Silently see our sisters bound in chains,—
Heaven's holiest ties polluted,—their souls
sunk

In ignorance,—degraded to the brutes?

Shall we behold them on the hated block,

Sold to the highest bidder,—and not speak?

America! Thy country, glorious, great,

As ever it should be,—is sinking down

To be the scorn of nations. All thy gold Is tainted with the price of human blood, Too foul of old, not now, for sacred use.

Thy churches raise their Babel-fronts or

Thy churches raise their Babel-fronts on high,

And call down heaven to sanction this foul sin!—

O wilt thou still endure the mockery?

Land of our Pilgrim Fathers! hear! O, hear! Grieve not their ashes by thy children's

Grieve not their ashes by thy children's chains,

Let not the Slave-block shame the sacred soil

Their prayers have hallowed! Wipe the Cain-mark off

From thy degraded brow, — and then stand forth

Before the world, a nation glorious, - FREE!

BRISTOL, ENGLAND.

## Seth Sprague.

### BY EDMUND QUINCY.

THERE are few objects more beautiful than a cheerful, happy, virtuous old age. An old age which the virtues of a temperate prime have blessed with all that should accompany it, as

'Honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,'

the remembrance of a life well-spent, and the calm expectation of future good. To honor the hoary head, when the years which have shed their snows upon it have been years of activity and beneficence, is a natural impulse of a good heart and a well-nurtured mind. But, especially, when an old age is green with living labors in the great struggle for

human freedom, to which the spring-tide and the summer-prime of life had been devoted, is its beauty the most reverend and its crown of gray hairs the most glorious to behold.

Such was the old age of the venerable man who has recently passed away from among us, and gone from his labors to his rest. He had lived far beyond the appointed age of man, and stood upon the threshold of his ninetieth year. His eye was dimmed, and his natural strength abated, by the lapse of his many days; but his heart remained fresh and young to the last. He had discovered the true fountain of youth, he had laid hold of the genuine elixir of life, and he defied the worst ravages of Time. A strong and abiding interest, imbibed in boyhood, and enduring to the last, in the promotion and security of the liberties of mankind, - an interest unselfish and enthusiastic, saved him from the listless vacuity which too often

makes the close of a life devoted to low and personal objects its own appropriate punishment. He was taken from the round of selfish purposes by the might of a great principle, and as he followed it in faith and with active zeal, it blessed him with exemption from the worser infirmities of a protracted existence.

Mr. Sprague was born on the 4th of July, 1760, just sixteen years before the Declaration of Independence; and, having died on the 8th of July, 1847, he was just entering upon his Eighty-Eighth year, at the time of his decease. His earliest act was one which, considering the peculiar complexion of the times in which his youth was passed, was the most natural manifestation of the ruling principle of his life. In 1776, at the age of fifteen, he enlisted in the continental army, and served in its ranks for some time, in the struggle then in progress with the

mother country. Of the particulars of his service, and of the time of his discharge, we are not informed. But, at an early period of life, he was married to Deborah Sampson, a woman, like himself, of the stock of the Puritans, and, like himself, too, a worthy heir of that best of blood.

He lived in her companionship for more than sixty-four years, and saw sixteen sons and daughters grow to maturity around him. All of them, we believe, were married, and the number of his descendants had passed beyond his own knowledge, long before his death. They could not have amounted to much less than two hundred. He saw them all prosperous, and some of them eminent for success in business and in public life. Mrs. Sprague died only two or three years before her husband.

Mr. Sprague's first pursuit was agriculture, which he subsequently exchanged for trade, in which he became extensively engaged. He was not one of those who define 'enough' to be 'a little more than they have;' and so he retired from business some twenty-five years before his death, after he had accumulated what, to his simple tastes and habits, was a moderate competency. He was for many years in public life, having represented his town and county in the House or in the Senate of Massachusetts for about thirty successive years. He served twice as elector for President and Vice President of the United States, and was more than once elected Executive Councillor, which office he never accepted.

He was about thirty years of age at the time the Federal Constitution went into operation, and was among those who voted for its adoption, with a strong faith in its efficacy as the palladium of freedom. When the great parties, which for so many years

agitated the country, sprung into existence in the exciting presence of the French Revolution, he took his side decidedly, warmly, and consistently, with the Democratic Republican, or Jeffersonian division. Whatever opinions may prevail as to the relative merits of those parties, no one, who knew Mr. Sprague, can doubt that he made his election deliberately, and with the firm conviction that he was thus best serving the cause of liberty and of his country. His zeal, industry and tact as a politician were unsurpassed in his region. He gave himself to this work with the same enthusiasm and singleness of mind which he afterwards brought to the Anti-Slavery warfare. But he never sought, nor accepted, any office of profit, usually the object and the reward of partisan activity.

During the last war with Great Britain, he was an active friend of the Madison Administration, in justifying and promoting it. He

also evinced his natural energy and efficiency in putting the town of Duxbury, which is an exposed portion of the coast, in a state of defence. We believe that he commanded, at that time, a company of militia, raised among his townsmen, by way of preparation in case of a descent. His views, however, on the subject of military preparations for defence as well as offence, underwent an entire change before his death. He died a thorough-going peace man.

A circumstance connected with his public life is not unworthy of recital, as illustrating his character. On the 16th day of June, 1813, upon a resolution coming from the House of Representatives to the Senate of Massachusetts, of thanks to Captain Lawrence, of the U. S. Ship Hornet, for the capture of His Britannic Majesty's Ship Peacock, the Hon. Josiah Quincy moved the following resolution,

with a preamble reciting the facts, which was adopted.

"Resolved, as the sense of the Senate of Massachusetts, that in a war like the present, waged without justifiable cause, and prosecuted in a manner which indicates that conquest and ambition are its real motives, it is not becoming a moral and religious people to express any approbation of military or naval exploits, which are not immediately connected with the defence of our sea-coast and soil."

In 1823-4, the Democratic party obtained the ascendancy in the State, and Mr. Sprague was one of the Senators from Plymouth County. On the 24th of January, 1824, he moved the following resolution, which passed by a strict party vote. After a preamble, reciting the above resolution and its preamble, the resolution stood thus:

"Resolved, That the Resolve, aforesaid, and the preamble thereof, be, and the same are, hereby expunged from the Journals of the Senate."

His views on this subject, however, underwent a total change before his death. Several years before that event, he said to a friend, that he wished he could be a member of the Senate for one session more, before he died. And upon being asked the reason of this wish, he replied, "That I might have my Expunging Resolution expunged!"

There were two occasions in the course of the Anti-Slavery life of Mr. Sprague, when his soul was sorely tried. The one was, when the movement had reached the point where the position of the American Church as the bulwark of American Slavery was made plain to its vision, and it become its duty to call upon all true lovers of liberty to come out from her. Mr. Sprague was a man of strong

religious feelings. He had joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, years ago, and he long hoped that the discipline of Wesley would be of power enough to free it from the guilt of American Slavery, "the vilest that ever saw the sun." The stern denunciations of the Pro-Slavery Church, uttered by the Abolitionists, seemed to him, at first, more severe than the case required, and he could not see the pointing of duty with the eyes of his brethren. A very short time of consideration and special observation was required, however, to satisfy him that the half had not been He, immediately, with characteristic told. truthfulness, separated himself from Established Methodism, and formed a Secession Church, at a large expense to himself, which, he believed, at least, had put away from itself the unclean thing in its every shape.

The other saying of Anti-Slavery which he found it hard to bear, was the unequivocal

condemnation which it found itself obliged to pass upon the Constitution and Union of the United States. It was a bitter belief to him to receive, that the results of that Revolution in which he had borne arms in his boyhood, and which he had helped to build up and maintain in his prime, and all because he believed them to be the sanctuary and the safeguard of Liberty, were in very deed her most fatal enemies: that the Union was the heaviest of the chains that bind the Slave to his doom, and the Constitution the prisonhouse of his despair. It was long before he could receive these truths. But at last, and the very last time that he spoke in public, at the May Convention, but about six weeks before his death, he expressed his entire concurrence in the doctrine of the American Anti-Slavery Society, on these important points. It was a most moving and solemn speech. It was as if one of a buried generation was returned to give the seal of certainty to newly perceived truths. His voice, from the feebleness of his age, could reach but a small portion of the audience; but it made an indelible impression upon all who heard it.

He reminded the Convention of his unwillingness to agree, in past years, with their recorded utterances as to the Union and the Constitution. He recited his own personal connexion with these national institutions. He spoke of the gloomy days of the Revolution, and of the jarring elements of the Old Confederation. He told of the hope with which the prospect of a union of the discordant parts, and of a National Government, inspired men's hearts, - which were failing them for fear. He reminded us of the novelty of the experiment, and adjured us to remember the fearful strength of the temptation of the fathers. Was it strange that they were all ready, as far as possible, to wink the com-

promises with Slavery out of sight, or to hope that they would, in some way, disappear along with their creating cause? He told us how star after star had been blotted out from the horizon of his hope, until, in his extreme old age, he was obliged to acknowledge that all the political labors of his life had been in vain, and that the work of building up a true republic was yet to be begun. "You could hardly expect," he exclaimed, "that I should be very ready to make this acknowledgment. But I do it now, and declare it to be my belief that the present Union and Constitution are incompatible with true and universal liberty!" He told how he had refused to qualify for the commission of the peace, for several years, from a feeling that he could not consent to be bound to perform the requisitions of the Constitution, although he had not been ready to repudiate it entirely. He concluded by reminding us that these were probably the last words he should address to us, and exhorted us to persevere in the way we were in, assuring us it was the only one that would lead to success, though it would not be given to his eyes to behold it.

These were, so to speak, the dying words of this aged patriot, - the last legacy, to his friends and to his country, of one who had seen all, and been a part of much, of what is to us only the history of the past. It will be well for us all if we deserve the blessing he bestowed upon us with his parting words, that day, by endeavoring to imitate the example of strength of principle, simplicity of character, singleness of heart, devotion to great and unselfish purposes, faithfulness to every prompting of duty, which he has bequeathed to us. He was a true Patriot, for he sought to work out the salvation of his country by the removal of the curse of her crimes. He was a true Democrat, for he looked upon all

men, whether white or black, whether bond or free, as equals in point of rights; and he deemed that to strive for the restoration of their rights, to those robbed of them, was his first public duty. He was a true man, for he took right for his guide, rather than expediency, - and asked only to discern whither conscience led, to know the way that he should go. In the midst of the political corruption and public profligacy of a degenerate age, he kept his heart pure and his hands clean. He exhibited the rare spectacle of cautious, yet constant, progress of ideas and principles, even to the end of one of the longest of lives. His prime of life, and his old age, are full of instruction; for the one teaches us how to make the other beautiful and blessed. Such an evening was a fit ending for such a day. Such a winter is more genial in its influences and more fruitful of blessings than many common summers, - than a multitude of vulgar springs.

# Pray!

BY SUSAN F. DAWSON.

Pray for Freedom! ye true-hearted!

Pray for Freedom for our race!

Pray for Love to guide it rightly,

Till its conscious spirit brightly

Glows on every human face!

Pray for him, who yearns for Freedom!

Whether in Siberian mine,—

Romish cloister,— Austrian fortress,—

Dungeon, with Despair the portress,—

Or penal exile drear, he pine!

Pray for him, who feels no anguish, When he owns himself a Slave! Reckless, thus, himself confessing, Of the dearest, choicest blessing God to him as birthright gave!

Pray for him! with spirit humbled,
That a man can sink so low!
Degradation's depths betraying—
Yet,—while sad and earnest praying—
Pray for those who made him so!

Pray for him, who boasts of Freedom,
Yet possesses but the name;
Dares not grasp the doubts that hover,
Lest, unwelcome, he discover
Truths whose utterance leads to shame.

Pray for him, who meekly telling
Where his firm conviction leads,
Finds his earnest words perverted,
Friends estranged, and looks averted,
When most sympathy he needs.

Pray for all! whose galling fetters

Eye of stranger may not see!

All whom pain or want depressing,

Makes to know, with thought distressing—

What they are,—and fain would be!

Pray! nor deem it unavailing
Though no speedy fruits appear;
If no light word falls unheeded,
Shall our prayers, when humbly pleaded,
Fail to reach our Father's EAR?

BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND,

## "have any of the Rulers believed?"

BY SAMUEL MAY, JUNIOR.

At the close of a day—the Lord's day called by many who seem unwilling to have it employed in doing the Lord's work—at the close of a day which a little company of us had spent in Anti-Slavery labors in one of the beautiful rural towns of Massachusetts, I sat with a friend, conversing upon various points of the great cause which had stirred and startled the town that day,—when he said to me, "How is it, if this Anti-Slavery cause be all that it professes to be, and all that I believe it to be, how is it that so many worthy and respectable men refuse to have anything to do with it, stand aloof, and even oppose it? Here are Mr. ——, and Mr. ——, and

the Hon. Mr. —, good men, much respected, and very friendly to several good causes; but neither of them gives, or can be persuaded to give, the least support or countenance to the Anti-Slavery movement."

Premising that this question was asked in a town which carries on a very lucrative trade with the Southern States in an article indispensable to the preparation of the great cotton crop for the markets; premising, too, that one of the gentlemen named had recently come forth into political life, and that another had recently been appointed to a conspicuous office in a Southern city, I will endeavor briefly to set down the substance of the reply which I made to my friend's question.

"Though I do not personally know the individuals you have named, yet regarding them as representatives of a class, and a very large class too, I have no doubt that I can correctly assign one of the chief reasons

which impels them to the course you name. These gentlemen are unwilling to make the sacrifice which truth demands; they cannot consent 'to be of no reputation.' To be the 'solitary advocates of discountenanced truth' is a species of martyrdom, and they cannot undergo it. Their meat, their very breath is found in such a social position as will bring them consideration, influence, and emolument; and they will take no step, by which this position, with all its cherished results, will be endangered. They resemble those men, in Jesus's time, who, though they could not deny the claims of Jesus, yet would not confess him, because the word had gone forth from the ruling powers, that, if any man did confess him, he should be put out of the synagogue. These men do the same thing. The essential truths of Anti-Slavery they cannot deny; they are even forced into some abstract admiration of them; but they never

touch them with one of their fingers to help their onward progress and triumph, -lest they should be put out of their sectarian or political synagogues. And why? For the selfsame reason that was given for the conduct of their predecessors,- 'they love the praise of men more than the praise of Gop.' Yes! let them profess what they please, be their outward seeming fair as it may, this is the thing they do; they 'seek the praise and the rewards which come from man, and not those which come from God alone.' Were the reverse true of them, how soon and certainly would you see them pursuing, as earnestly as they now pursue worldly schemes, the incorruptible treasures of righteousness,-'striving for undefiled rewards.'

"So the young man, confident in his fair standing and habitual compliance with rules of external morality, came to the Saviour, saying, 'What lack I yet?' and Jesus replied, 'One thing thou lackest; abjure thy love of the world; be willing to bear the cross; come, follow me.' And he turned away from Jesus, in sorrowful rejection, yet in rejection of his call, and went back to court the world and secure its gains and honors.

"Truly did Jesus say, 'How can ye believe, who will have honor, one of another?' How strongly does he show that the love of human applause and honor is a barrier to all true faith, — completely insurmountable! Let us not be deceived, then, by what the world calls respectable. God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; — and things which are despised, hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are. Such is the world's standard, and such is God's."

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

### Abolitionism in America.

#### BY ALEXANDER HOLINSKI.

(FROM POLAND.)

That which surprised me most at the commencement of a two years' residence in the United States was the hatred manifested towards those consistent republicans whom it is intended to brand, by applying to them a name of which they are justly proud. Ask at random a member of the two leading political parties—the Whigs and the Democrats—the meaning of an Abolitionist? It is a fanatic, he will answer; a disturber of social order; a villain, who endeavors to effect, by all means, the destruction of a free, glorious and powerful republic. To many people,

unfortunately, an injurious adjective is worth a demonstration; and, without asking the proofs wherewith to substantiate this series of imputations, the majority of natives as well as foreigners adopt the opinion thus thrust upon them, and are disposed to propagate it, as the occasion offers, like so many parrots whose willing memories store words devoid of sense and reason.

If, however, some traveller, crossing the Atlantic to study, conscientiously, American institutions, is struck by this strange anomaly by which three millions of men are debased to the level of the beasts of the field, where is he to look for information which will open to him the entire truth? Will it be in the press? But out of eighteen hundred and odd newspapers which appear in the United States, there are about fifty only which are free from Negrophobia, a peculiar malady, the frightful intensity of which it is difficult for

Europeans to imagine; and these fifty journals are carefully hidden from the public eye. Will it be in the deliberations of Congress? He will see the struggle between the two parties, of which one calls itself Democratic because it fights for free-trade, and the other Whig because it advocates a protective tariff -without either of them including in its political creed the liberty of man, as proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence. Will it be in the pulpit? But he will burn with shame and indignation if he be a Christian, on hearing in the name of the God of Justice the defence of the most monstrous of iniquities. Everywhere, moreover, in the pulpit, in Congress, in the press, as well as in private circles, he will remark the same dislike of Abolitionism, which is vilified, execrated and ridiculed in a thousand ways. If, then, the traveller of whom I speak is undismayed by the task which he has undertaken, he will sever the sanatory chain established by the majority against some steady and persevering adversaries; he will enter the den where lives that which has been painted to him in the colors of an horrible monster. To his great surprise the den is a temple of light, the hideous dragon the genius of truth. To speak without metaphor, - in the publications, in the lectures, and in the speeches of the Abolitionists he will find that which he has hitherto sought in vain—a faithful exposition of American Slavery as it is. However frightful the picture may appear, the traveller will find it realized in all its particulars, provided he journeys with open eyes from the Potomac to the Gulf of Mexico. To begin then, What is that edifice which rises as a gaol in sight of the Capitol at Washington? Enter - Mr. Williams, an elegant gentleman, opens the door and exhibits his merchandise. Do you want a boy or a girl? You can have the one or the other at the fairest price, and to your taste, as you may prefer; the ebony-black, the yellow, or the white, on which not a trace of African blood is perceptible. At the end of this yard, surrounded by high walls, see, if your courage fail you not, emerge from the depths of a subterranean place, at the merchant's command, human creatures of both sexes, some scarcely dressed, some hardly able to walk in consequence of the horrible tortures they have undergone, and others obliged, as a matter of precaution, to drag a large beam from each foot. \* \* \* \* \* \*

But the Negro-pen discloses what is perpetrated in darkness. We are now in open day, on the railroad from Charleston to Augusta. The train stops at a station, and the guard opens the baggage-car. Is it to receive a fresh mail-bag, or is it to take some passenger's trunks? No; two Negroes are hurried

in, bearing each an iron collar round the neck, and fastened together by a heavy three feet chain. What is the crime of these unfortunates? They are runaway Slaves, carried back to their dreaded masters. Let us now betake ourselves to the Exchange at New Orleans. Amidst furniture, pictures, clocks, are sold together or separately, under the hammer, a mother and her infant child. None present themselves to preserve unbroken the strongest of nature's ties. The sobbing mother is delivered to a planter, and the little babe is sold by weight to a brutal speculator who tears it from the maternal bosom.

If even space did not fail my pen would refuse to conduct me through the succession of atrocious crimes of which I have been a reluctant witness. Picture to yourself an unlimited number of facts similar to those which I have but slightly sketched; study, without being led away by the engaging

manners of planters, the impure source of an ostentatious opulence, founded on the moral degradation and physical deprivation of a large portion of the human family; be convinced, as I have been, that when Americans boldly assert that the Negroes are well lodged, well fed, and well clothed, they utter three falsehoods; examine the bloody laws which would seem to emanate from legislatures of hangmen, and which are necessary to uphold a violent and unnatural state of things; contemplate the base servility which the North shows to the South in surrendering unfortunate fugitives, as if the ambiguous text of a Constitution ought to speak louder than the moral shame prescribed not only by Christianity, but by the Koran itself; follow the Federal Government in its great political measures, such as the acquisition of Louisiana, the Missouri Compromise, the war of Florida, the Annexation of Texas, and the unholy war with Mexico, worthy to crown these successive endeavors to strengthen, propagate and perpetuate, if possible, the filthy sore of Slavery, and after this you will admit that Abolitionism has invented nothing, exaggerated nothing, colored nothing. There are horrors which defy hyperboles. Use the strongest words of the human tongue and you will never exceed the reality in describing the despotism of Russia or the Slavery of the United States. Hell itself must coin a language by which to express the two enormities that best proclaim the power of Satan upon earth.

Abolitionism only, registers with accuracy the acts naturally produced by the criminal institution whose nauseous effluvia penetrates in the depths of the social organization,—worthy, in other respects to command the admiration of the world. From these unquestionable acts springs an accusation which

the arguments of a powerful logic enlighten, develop and confirm. It is a difficult, ungrateful and fastidious task! Abolitionism pursues it with the devotion of the first Christians who advanced firmly to their end, for they knew the future was theirs. Success, however long in coming, is certain, if, as history proves it, perfection is a providential law of nations.

As all great and noble ideas are linked together, those who have undertaken to abolish the proprietry of man by man, — taking the high ground of universal brotherhood, — are at the head of all movements destined to regenerate mankind. Peace, temperance, the suppression of capital punishment, have them for their promoters. It is not then to be wondered at, that, exciting against them the popular prejudices, the abettors of bloodshed, the drunkards and the hangmen, join the Slaveholders in declaring their common enemies "fanatics,

disturbers of social order, and villains,—endeavoring to effect, by all means, the destruction of a free, glorious and powerful republic."

This republic becoming more free, more glorious and more powerful, will blush some day at having misunderstood, as did the people of Israel, those messengers of God to whom she will be indebted for shining without stain; and, making amende honorable, will become more proud to have been the alma mater of an apostle of human kind, such as WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, than at having nurtured those warriors and statesmen who to-day obtain the applause of the multitude. Courage, then, heroic laborers! But you need not my feeble voice to encourage you in your holy work; - and if it crosses the Atlantic, it is only to offer itself as a faint echo of Christian Europe, who, in admiring republican institutions, abhors Slavery.

PARIS, FRANCE.

### Retrospection and Repentance.

#### BY ANNE WARREN WESTON.

On the first of October, 1835, the writer heard George Thompson's first public speech in the United States.

I sat alone at midnight,

Beside a dying hearth;

And the darkness and the loneliness

Within my heart gave birth

To memories and emotions

Too mournful for the day,

And I had neither will nor power

Their rushing force to stay.

A vision of Life's morning

Rose up in colors clear,

And words of matchless eloquence

Came swelling on my ear;

And with an earnest effort

I struggled to recall

The fading memories of the hour

That heard those accents fall.

Those words of fervent beauty,
So fraught with burning power,
Spoke of bondman and oppressor,
And claimed, that very hour,

That Freedom's glorious birthright
Was for one as for the other,
And that, alike in both, we saw
An equal man and brother.

How answered back my spirit

To this glad Gospel's sound!

How turned my glance for sympathy

Upon the throng around!

And as those tones impassioned Spoke of duty and of right, 24 How cheerfully and gladly

I vowed me to the fight!

- I did not think the conflict Should last through coming life,—
- I dreamed not of its weariness Or the sadness of its strife.
- I dreamed not that the gentle,
  The good (as goodness goes,)
  Nay, even the so-called Christian,
  Should prove our bitterest foes.
- I saw not the weak and weary
  Who should falter by the way,
  I thought not of false brethren,
  Who should their trust betray.
- I thought that Freedom's trumpet
  Should rouse the mighty North;
  That glad and thronging multitudes
  Should at her word stand forth.

Not so, — still stands the record,

And, as in days of yore,

Still shrink the wise and noble

Back from the cross He bore.

And faithless, faltering, often

My fainting heart exclaims—

How poor and mean thy labors,

To such great and godlike aims.

How little hast thou given

Of the little that was thine;

How worthless was the offering

Thou hast laid on such a shrine.

Why should a hand so feeble
Strive with this fearful chain?
Thy choicest powers of mind or heart
Were, for the work, in vain.

Another voice is speaking
In melody divine;

It says,—"Weak heart! remember
This trampled cause is mine!

"Be thankful, if God's summons
Falls on thy heart alone;
Be thankful thine is made of flesh,
Were the whole world's of stone.

"Thou hast at least endeavored,
Not stood in idle thought,
Whilst the great battle of thy age
By other hands was fought.

"Be thankful for the promise

From the Great Master won,

That faithful labor, not success,

Shall hear the words,—'Well done!'"

WEYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS.

## hard Language.

## BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

WE are accused of using hard language. I admit the charge. I, for one, say in extenuation, that I have not been able to find a soft word in the English tongue to describe villany, or identify the perpetrator of it. The man who makes a chattel of his brother what is he? The man who keeps back the hire of his laborers by fraud — what is he? They who prohibit the circulation of the Bible - what are they? They who compel two millions of men and women to herd together, like brute beasts - what are they? They who sell mothers by the pound, and children in lots to suit purchasers - what are they? I care not what terms are applied to 24#

them, provided they do apply. If they are not thieves, if they are not tyrants, if they are not men-stealers, I should like to know what is their true character, and by what names they may be called. It is as mild an epithet to say that a thief is a thief, as it is to say that a spade is a spade. Words are but the signs of ideas. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." Language may be misapplied, and so be absurd or unjust - as, for example, to say that an Abolitionist is a fanatic, or that a Slaveholder is an honest man. But to call things by their right names is to use neither hard nor improper language. Epithets may be rightly applied, it is true, and yet be uttered in a bad spirit, or with a malicious design. What then? Shall we discard all terms which are descriptive of crime, because they are not always used with fairness and propriety? He who, when he sees oppression, cries out against it - who,

when he beholds his equal brother trodden under foot by the iron hoof of despotism, rushes to his rescue—who, when he sees the weak overborne by the strong, takes sides with the former, at the imminent peril of his own safety—such a man needs no certificate to the excellence of his temper, or the sincerity of his heart, or the disinterestedness of his conduct. It is the apologist of Slavery—he who can see the victim of thieves lying bleeding and helpless on the cold earth, and yet turn aside, like the callous-hearted priest and Levite—who needs absolution.

The Anti-Slavery cause is beset by many dangers. But there is one which we have special reason to apprehend. It is, that this hollow cant and senseless clamor about "hard language," will insensibly check that free utterance of thought, and close application of the truth, which have characterized Abolitionists from the beginning. As that cause is

becoming popular, and many may be induced to espouse it from motives of policy, rather than from any reverence for principle, let us beware how we soften our just severity of speech, or emasculate a single epithet. The whole scope of the English language is inadequate to describe the horrors and impieties of Slavery, and the transcendent wickedness of those who sustain this bloody system. Instead of repudiating any of its strong terms, therefore, we rather need a new and stronger dialect. Hard language! Let us mark those who complain of its use. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they will be found to be the most unscrupulous in their allegations, the most bitter in their spirit, the most vituperative in their manner of expression, when alluding to Abolitionists. The cry of "hard language" has become stale in my ears. The faithful utterance of that language has, by the blessing of God, made the

Anti-Slavery cause what it is - ample in resources, strong in numbers, victorious in conflict. Like the hand-writing upon the wall of the palace, it has caused the knees of the American Belshazzar to smite together in terror, and filled with dismay all who follow in his train. Soft phrases and honied accents were tried in vain for many a year: - they had no adaptation to the subject. "Canst thou draw out the leviathan, SLAVERY, with a hook? or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? Canst thou put a hook into his nose? or bore his jaw through with a thorn? Will he make many supplications unto thee? wilt thou take him for a servant forever? Shall not one be cast down at the sight of him? Out of his nostrils goeth smoke, as out of a seething pot or caldron. His breath kindleth coals, and a flame goeth out of his mouth. His heart is as firm as a stone; yea, as hard as a piece of the nether

mill-stone. When he raiseth up himself, even the mighty are afraid. He esteemeth iron as straw and brass as rotten wood." O the surpassing folly of those "wise and prudent" men, who think he may be coaxed into a willingness to be destroyed, and who regard him as the gentlest of all fish—provided he be let alone! They say it will irritate him to charge him with being a leviathan; he will cause the deep to boil like a pot. Call him a dolphin, and he will not get angry! If I should call these sage advisers by their proper names, no doubt they would be irritated too.

Strong denunciatory language is consistent with gentleness of spirit, long-suffering and perfect charity. It was the God whose name is Love, who could speak even to his chosen people in the following terms, by the mouth of his prophet Ezekiel:—"An end, the end has come upon the four corners of the land.

I will send mine anger upon thee, and will judge thee according to thy ways, and will recompense upon thee all thy abominations. And mine eye shall not spare, neither will I have pity." "A third part of thee shall die with the pestilence, and with famine shall they be consumed in the midst of thee: and a third part shall fall by the sword, round about thee, and I will scatter a third part into all the winds, and I will draw out a sword after them." It was the Lamb of God who could exclaim, - "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation. Ye blind guides! which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers! how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" It was the martyr Stephen, who, though in his dying agonies, supplicated forgiveness for his enemies, and, a few moments before his cruel death, could address his countrymen in the following strain:—"Ye stiff-necked, and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye. Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? and ye have slain them which showed before of the coming of the Just One; of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers."

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

## What Law is not.

## BY WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH.

In order to prove that we are under no legal obligation to support Slavery, Mr. Lysander Spooner defines law to be "that natural, permanent, unalterable principle which governs any particular thing, or class of things." "Any rule," he says, "not existing in the nature of things, or that is not permanent, universal and inflexible in its application, is not law, according to any correct definition of the term law." The civil rights of men, he contends, are determined by "the rule, principle, obligation or requirement of natural justice,"—the "immutable and overruling principle of natural justice."\*

<sup>\*</sup> The Unconstitutionality of Slavery, by Lysander Spooner. Ed. 1845, Chap. 1. "What is Law?" pp. 1-17.

According to this theory, the natural, universal and unalterable requirement of natural justice, and this alone, is law; so far as the civil rights of men are concerned.

Justice must be either absolute or relative. An absolutely just act is just at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances. A relatively just action is just only at some particular time and place, or under some particular circumstances.

It is manifestly wholly out of our power to decide whether or not an act is absolutely just, for the simple reason that we cannot take in, at a glance, all times, all places, and all circumstances. If, therefore, the requirements of absolute justice are alone law, we cannot decide what is or what is not law; and, consequently, not even Mr. Spooner can prove Slaveholding to be unlawful.

It is no less clear that there can be no such rule as the universal, unalterable requirement of relative justice. Relative justice necessarily changes with time, place and circumstances. The act which is considered just at one time and place, at another time and in a different place is considered unjust. A century ago, few men probably doubted the justice of capital punishment, in certain cases. Now, many persons not only think that punishment wrong in all cases, but even imprisonment, as at present conducted, unjust. In feudal times the man probably did not exist who considered it unjust to appropriate to his own use, as a forest, a very large tract of land. Now, some of the noblest intellects of the age deny the justice of all individual ownership of the soil. In Florida, at the present day, the chivalric Southron does not hesitate to defend as just, under the circumstances of the case, the sale at auction of debtors by their creditors; whilst in this State, the most of us would consider it almost inhuman to return to our

old law, authorizing only imprisonment for debt. Not only can the requirement of relative justice never be either universal or unalterable, but it is the positive duty of all men. by striving to advance their ideas of right and justice, to keep this requirement continually changing. If, therefore, law can only be an unalterable principle, inasmuch as our notions of relative justice can never afford such a principle, there can never be any law; and, consequently, not even Mr. Spooner can prove Slaveholding to be unlawful. In other words, Mr. Spooner really denies the existence of law itself, - for, either he denies the existence of any legal standard, or else declares that standard to be wholly inaccessible.

LINDEN PLACE, BROOKLINE, MASS.

Collated-Persent Oct the 1905 a

